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THE DANISH QUESTION.

THERE seems to be too much reason to believe that the German Powers are ostentatiously trifling with the Conference. As the Governments of Austria and Prussia had received full notice that an armistice would be proposed at the opening of the sittings, their omission to provide their representatives with proper powers is equivalent to the refusal or adjournment of the overture. If a persistent desire of peace should ultimately be rewarded by an equitable or even tolerable adjustment of the quarrel, the English Government will have strengthened its position at home and abroad; but the more probable alternative of failure will cause a general irritation which may lead to the overthrow of the present Ministry. The ablest diplomacy may fail to ensure success, but, in the present case, there is a general opinion that a hopeless negotiation ought never to have been begun. There is neither dignity nor prudence in the attempt to evade responsibility by systematic attacks on the Emperor of the French. The English Government was not entitled to calculate on support which had certainly not been promised; and it required little sagacity to discover that temper or policy might incline the Emperor of the French to leave England, at least for a time, in a state of isolation. In the Mexican enterprise, and in the Polish negotiations of 1863, it became necessary to withdraw from joint action when France was willing to prosecute the adventure; and although the conduct of the English Government was in both cases prudent, the apparent desertion is not unlikely to have left a rankling feeling behind. No similar reproach on the ground of wavering or inconsistency can be founded on the refusal to concur in a Congress. Although Lord Russell was unnecessarily plain-spoken in his answer to the proposal, an explicit and argumentative rejection was, on the whole, more courteous than the ironical evasions of Austria and Russia. As, however, it was known that NAPOLEON III. was seriously annoyed by the collapse of a favourite project, his present coldness or backwardness might easily have been foreseen. It is true that high political matters ought to be exempt from the influence of merely personal motives, but statesmen may learn from their own consciousness that they have to deal with individual and imperfect men. It may be collected from semi-official disclosures that the English Government is only withheld from participation in the war by the real or pretended indifference of France to the invasion of Denmark. There is not even yet a sufficient cause for interference, and if for any reason the Channel Fleet is not to be employed, it would be better that its movements should not be announced in the form of a menace.

Within a short interval of time, the original Danish quarrel has become obsolete, and almost irrelevant. The Prince of AUGUSTENBURG, the November Constitution, the Patent of March, and the grievances of the Germans in Schleswig, are buried under the more recent and definite events of the war. The Danes are perhaps at last aware that they would best have consulted their own interest by declining a purposeless struggle on the mainland. Their abandonment of their remaining positions in Jutland by no means affects their military honour, and it will deprive their enemies of a cheap triumph, and of additional causes for further aggression. It seems improbable that the invaders should attempt the conquest of the purely Danish islands, nor is there at present any reason to believe that they propose to retain permanent possession of Jutland. According to the German theory, the territory which indisputably belongs to the Crown of Denmark is occupied only as a set-off to the seizure of vessels, and to the blockade of certain ports by the Danish cruisers. As in all similar cases, the wolf has forced the lamb to muddy the water, and now satisfaction is required for the outrage. The Danes would have acted wisely in accepting an armistice by sea and by land, as the injury which they may inflict on German

commerce has no tendency to compel a pacification. The punctilious quarrelsomeness of Prussia indicates a policy which it would be desirable to baffle by any honourable concession. The seizure of a few merchant ships will scarcely be felt in Germany as an evil, and it may easily be converted into a pretext for new demands. From the very commencement of the dispute, the Danish Ministers have displayed extraordinary awkwardness and want of foresight. At every stage of the transactions they have gratuitously provided their adversaries with technical grievances, and it is even doubtful whether they did not deliberately invite or desire the rupture which they have found so fatal. If the substantial injustice has been on the side of Germany, Denmark has been guilty, at first, of legal irregularity, and afterwards of extreme military rashness. It is right and natural that sympathy should attend the weak, whose conduct is nevertheless provoking when they wilfully expose themselves to inevitable oppression. The history of the entire dispute will be habitually shunned by future students as one of the most unintelligible and ignoble episodes in the annals of modern Europe.

It is useless to indulge in premature and exaggerated comparisons of Denmark and Poland. Thus far there has been no partition, nor have Austria and Prussia avowedly proclaimed the doctrines of 1772 and 1794. When CATHERINE and FREDERICK forbade the improvement of the Polish Constitution, they were not impelled by any higher motive than the desire of territorial aggrandisement. It has never been alleged that the three allied Powers represented any national conviction, nor was it worth their while even to pretend any legal title to their projected acquisitions. The unanimous enthusiasm of Germany for the cause of Schleswig, though it may be ridiculed as an unaccountable delusion, is undoubtedly a genuine feeling. Entire nations are incapable of corporate hypocrisy, although the sovereigns and statesmen who undertake to execute the general wish may not improbably engage in the popular undertaking for selfish objects. The moral indignation which is excited, after nearly sixty years, by such schemes as NAPOLEON's plan for the subjugation of Spain, would be wholly inapplicable to a war which, however ignoble and unjust, originated in a genuine demand for a crusade or enterprise of opinion and sentiment. The Northern Americans were not more sincerely persuaded three years ago that it was their duty to revenge the capture of Fort Sumter, than the Germans that it was necessary to vindicate the rights of their countrymen in Holstein and Schleswig. It is true that the voice of the people is by no means uniformly of Divine authority; but the present quarrel was not founded on the clamour of an ignorant mob, but on the laborious deductions of famous jurists belonging to the most studious and learned of nations. Careless English writers sneered alternately at the Professors who had studied the question and at the great mass of the community which necessarily took its merits for granted. It could scarcely be denied that the many and the few were for once unanimous, and that the political subdivisions of Germany were temporarily effaced. It was not wise to treat so universal a manifestation with contempt or with unmeaning menace, but it would have been far more culpable to have rushed into a collision with a population which has no interests opposed to the welfare and greatness of England. When the national impulse was checked by the resolution of the Austrian and Prussian Governments to prosecute a limited war, it became still more imperatively the duty of the English Government to maintain strict neutrality. It is possible that too much has been said, but it ought to be a cause of unmixed satisfaction that nothing has been done.

Few thoughtful politicians can regret that Russia declined a close alliance with England before the suppression of the same Polish insurrection which was thought, only a few months since, to justify an entirely opposite combination. The same

objection could not have been raised to joint action with France; but a Power which is so capricious in its diplomatic relations is also an inconvenient or dangerous partner in war. England, which had nothing to give or to ask from Germany, might have found herself engaged in promoting the annexation of the Rhenish provinces to the French Empire. The advocates of vigorous or violent measures assert that Austria and Prussia would at once have yielded to the armed opposition of France and England, but it is at least equally likely that the national spirit of Germany would have been inflamed by opposition. Lord GREY's opinion that an English division, supported by a fleet, would alone have sufficed to deter the Germans from advancing, is entirely unsupported by any grounds of probability. It will be a grievous misfortune if a rupture occurs when it is too late to defend any portion of Continental Denmark, but it would be better to operate by sea than to contend against overwhelming numbers on the mainland of Jutland. The Danes may still be protected against the invasion of the islands, but for the present it seems uncertain whether the attempt will be made. No fighting has occurred since the fall of Dybbøl; and although Alsen has not been occupied by the Prussians, they can take unresisted possession of the island at their pleasure. A tacit suspension of arms in some degree supplies the place of an armistice, and unless the German armies attempt to cross into Funen they will find no further opponents in the field. It is a melancholy reflection that all the disasters and complications which have arisen might have been prevented by the simple process of dividing Schleswig between the rival races. If Lord PALMERSTON had, in 1851, adhered to his original proposal, although he might not at the time have secured the assent either of Denmark or Germany, he would have prepared the basis of a permanent future pacification.

#### PRINCE NAPOLEON AND VENICE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON enjoys a very curious position. He has all the advantages of the Empire, and none of its drawbacks. Purple and fine linen, the obsequiousness of courtiers, and the admiration of all whose admiration is stimulated by interest, surround him from morning to night. And yet he can do and say what he pleases. If the worst comes to the worst, and he has been very indiscreet, he has only to feel a scientific ardour, and set off in his yacht on some exploring expedition, till his rashness has been forgotten. He is a man who has strong feelings, and strong likes and dislikes, who chooses his associates as he fancies them, and espouses heartily a cause to which he attaches himself. And yet, however dangerous may be his friends, and however compromising may be his opinions, he still can speak boldly out, and utter words which no other royal person in Europe could utter without giving offence and seeming false to his order. He is a democrat, almost a red democrat, and he can talk as democratically and as red as he likes without any one stopping him. Various causes combine to give him this position. He is an able man, and is said to be the only human being of whom the EMPEROR is afraid. Then he represents one side of Imperialism in a very marked way, and helps to persuade France and Europe that, in one sense, the EMPEROR is nothing but a crowned democrat. The EMPEROR has far too much sympathy with his cousin to wish to dissociate himself wholly from a speaker who is, to some extent, the chief of the revolutionary party. Perhaps the EMPEROR knows that much of what the PRINCE says is immediately set down as mere vapouring, and he may not be sorry to contrast the importance which is attached to everything he himself says with the indifference that is frequently bestowed on the strongest utterances of his cousin. Perhaps, too, the EMPEROR likes to use the PRINCE sometimes as an instrument by which he may gauge public opinion, and chooses to encourage or permit the extravagances of his cousin in order that he may know how far there is any substantial change creeping over the surface of French political thought. But, at the same time, the PRINCE holds an independent position of his own. He is not the mere passive tool of the EMPEROR, nor is he the mere impotent mouthpiece of cleverer and more unscrupulous democrats than himself. He is allowed to say what he does say because it would be so excessively hard to stop him without causing a rupture in the Imperial family, which the EMPEROR is anxious above all things to avoid. The PRINCE, too, knows what he is about. He sticks by a set of ideas which have already some power in Europe, and which may have more. He is all for what GARIBALDI calls the fated cause of the peoples. And his very position gives him a weight, when he talks about fated causes, which no other

adherent of fated causes can have. For no one can be quite certain that the EMPEROR is not speaking through him, and a very slight accident might make it of the last importance to Europe that he should or should not have fated causes in which he believes. If the EMPEROR's restraining hand were taken away, the PRINCE would almost certainly have a commanding influence over the ordering of affairs in France, and would let loose elements of strife which are now hushed in repose. His words have, therefore, a significance the exact extent of which it is almost impossible to estimate, and naturally the utterances of a man who has this exceptional standing are often taken for much more than they mean. When, for example, he says that he quite agrees with a revolutionary committee that the case of Venice is "urgent," and that the time has now arrived when Italy should be set free from the Alps to the Adriatic, no one can exactly say whether this is all nonsense, or whether he is shadowing forth a movement to which his Imperial position may help him to give life and reality.

And if his position is curious in France, so also is it in Italy. The Italian Ministry has just made a declaration of the impression produced on it by the reception of GARIBALDI in England. No Ministry could have taken a more sensible course. So far as the reception of GARIBALDI was a compliment to Italy, and a testimony to the personal merits of a great Italian, the Ministry is rejoiced at it. Italy wishes to stick closely to both the great Western Powers, and as England is the harder of the two to persuade to practical action in her favour, she cannot slight altogether such a means of influencing England as GARIBALDI has discovered. But, as to GARIBALDI himself and the party of action, the Ministry permits itself to hope that the hero of Caprera has taken one lesson to heart since he went there. In England he saw the spectacle of triumphant law and order, and a people contented, happy, and prosperous, because it left the conduct of affairs to the Government it had chosen. If GARIBALDI has learnt the advantages of this, his excursion will have done him and his country some good. It will inspire him with a wish to see Italy acting in the same way, and to allow the KING and his responsible advisers to decide what is to be done, and when, and how. The Ministry entirely declined to own itself at the beck and call of the party of action, as it is called, and hoped that GARIBALDI would see the necessity of this, for the KING's advisers refused to have only a half-power when they had all the responsibility, and they called on the Chamber to choose between them and the party of action if they wished GARIBALDI to be supreme. And yet, at this very instant, Prince NAPOLEON thinks it opportune to come forward and announce that the liberation of Venice cannot be delayed much longer. The KING's Ministers tell the country to wait patiently, and the KING's son-in-law tells the country that waiting is now nearly over, and that the great call to arms will soon be heard. Probably the PRINCE spoke as he pleased and as he thought, without much caring what would be the consequences to the Italian Ministry. And yet, although he seems to be running directly counter to the responsible counsellors of his father-in-law, and to be urging Italy in the very direction from pursuing which they are most anxious to save her, they will probably feel little objection to what he has said, and may even see that an advantage is to be derived from the very strength of the language he has used. For, in the first place, his words tend to keep alive the impression in Italy that the Royal Family, with the KING at its head, longs to fall in with the current of the popular wish, and is only withheld by overpowering reasons of State policy from gratifying its desires. The hopes of Italy are thus associated with its monarch; and, in a country where everything is so new and so uncertain, and where all that is most energetic has been so long associated with the thought of revolution, it may have a powerful effect towards consolidating the existing order of things that the nation should look on the Royal Family as among the chief of its own partisans. Then, again, Prince NAPOLEON reminds the excited politicians of the Italian towns that all talk about freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic is mere moonshine unless France is associated with the movement. But he represents France not as the calculating ally helping Italy from selfish motives, but as the exponent in Europe of those ideas which demand the expulsion of the Austrians from Venice as the first step towards building up a new and better framework of European society. He desires to warn Italy that France must be by her side if she is to win in her great contest, but he presents France in the colours which most attract Italians to her. It cannot be said that the words of a man who does this are wholly idle, and yet the strange thing is that, in all he says, he commits



nobody to anything definite—not France, nor Italy, not his father-in-law, nor his cousin, nor even himself.

The altered state of European politics is also marked by the indifference with which, so far as the public knows, his words are treated by Austria. When we remember how often grave political complications have arisen because the statesmen and rulers of one nation have resented the public utterances of the chief men of another nation, we may wonder that this indifference should be so profound. M. GUIZOT, for instance, has just published an account of his own feelings twenty years ago, and has stated that he conceived he had a perfect right to be indignant because Lord PALMERSTON, on the hustings at Tiverton, spoke openly of the cruelties practised by the French soldiers in Algeria. Very lately the Court of France has been supposed to feel itself aggrieved because a very subordinate member of the English Ministry allowed MAZZINI to use his house as a letter-box. And yet here is a member of the reigning family of France, the chief organ of Imperialism in the Senate—the man who, if the EMPEROR died, would be the head of the BONAPARTES during the minority of the young Prince Imperial—openly saying that he thinks the time is come when the subjects of Austria ought to rebel against her. He displays himself on terms of the most cordial familiarity with men who at Vienna must be regarded as guilty of treason; he encourages them to think that the hour of their treason is arrived, and quite agrees with them that urgency is their most appropriate motto. All the standing notions of the proper relations of one Court to another are utterly upset by such an announcement as this. And yet Austria makes, so far as the world has heard, no complaint. It passes over in silence this call to revolt which the cousin of an allied Sovereign addresses to its subjects. That this should be so throws a curious light on the situation of Austria. The old touchy pride of the Imperial House of Vienna is gone, and moderation and a timid melancholy have taken its place in the Austrian councils. Austria is too afraid of France, and of the revolutionary party in her own dominions and in Europe generally, to stir up a quarrel between herself and Imperial democrats at the head of French legions. It will be better, it is thought, to let idle words pass, and foolish men say what they will. Austria has chosen her path, and means to stick by it. She sees that the end of all talking must be acting, unless talking is to mean nothing, and that, whatever Princes may say at Paris, she will not be got out of Venetia except after a great deal of hard fighting. She has secured, as she hopes, something much better worth having than the silence of Prince NAPOLEON. She has secured the active assistance of Germany and of Prussia if she is attacked. This is to be her reward for driving the Danes from the Dannewerk and razing the fortifications of Fredericia; and having got this substantial gain, she wishes to attract as little attention to herself as possible, and will patiently take her chance until the day comes when armed Democracy comes to try the real strength of the walls of the Quadrilateral.

#### THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THERE were many points in the debate upon the Mersey Steam Rams in the House of Lords which are of considerable interest just now, and will probably continue to be so as long as the fate of those formidable implements remains undecided. But there was one noteworthy incident in the course of it which possesses an importance somewhat more enduring. It appears, from the reply in which Lord DERBY withdrew his motion, that at the end of a very short debate, conducted entirely by Cabinet Ministers or those who had held that position, and affecting questions which are being most keenly contested both in the other House and in Courts of Law, there were only eight Peers left in the House. It was in vain, Lord DERBY said, for him to press his motion to a division in the teeth of the overwhelming majority arrayed against him; for there were five Peers on the Ministerial side of the House, and but three upon his own. To our minds, this little fact, only incidentally betrayed, suggests matter of even deeper import than the legal and international controversies raised by the Steam Rams. The difficulties into which the American war plunges us may probably be regarded as only temporary; but the fate of the House of Peers, and of the cluster of institutions which it represents, is likely to affect the destinies of the country for many generations to come. Of course, if the unedifying fact betrayed by Lord DERBY merely concerned the personal habits of the Peers, it would be no matter for public criticism. If the House of Lords were merely an afternoon lounge, a more select

and statelier club, it would be worth no one's while to comment upon the attendance of its members. There are some theorists still, and there used to be many more, who are very glad to represent it in that light. The preachers of equality are fond of describing the Peerage as a worn-out institution, whose real power has departed from it, and whose movements are now followed with interest only by tuft-hunters, students of the works of Sir BERNARD BURKE, and the like. But the dream that political equality is favourable to freedom is one of the delusions of the past, and such writers are a scanty remnant now. It has been answered by the logic of events, and scarcely lingers except in brains in which it is protected by deep-rooted antipathies or the exactions of personal consistency. The mass of educated Englishmen think the House of Peers a useful institution which it would be difficult to replace. The only persons who are inclined to treat it as a mere nonentity are the Peers themselves.

It is quite true that the legislative power of the Peers is much restricted. In these sober and practical days, most political controversies turn upon the desire, implanted naturally in man, of shoving off upon his neighbour as large a portion of his taxes as he can; and upon all questions that touch taxation the Peers are powerless. They are powerless, too, in questions like the Reform Bill of 1832, or the Corn-Law of 1846, where the real or supposed personal interests of their class stood out in sharp contrast to those of the body of their countrymen. But it is a hasty inference to conclude, on this account, that they have no power, or that there is nothing in the position of a member of the Upper House to stir or to satisfy Parliamentary ambition. Even the legislative duties of the House of Lords are not unimportant. In times of storm, the Peers form a breakwater over which the wave of popular fury may harmlessly break, and which may secure, until the agitation has subsided, institutions that would have been otherwise swept away. In times of calm, they have abundant occupation in examining and repairing the careless and blundering workmanship of the House of Commons. But these form the smallest portion of the functions which they actually perform in the present day. The time, after all, has gone by when the mere votes of a legislative body could go for much in England, whatever its nominal attributes may be. Upon any matter of real moment, the House of Commons only registers by its vote the conclusions at which the educated public have already arrived; or if, through any mischance, it registers that conclusion wrongly, it is speedily compelled to revise the record. Power, in these days, is not with those who interpret opinion, but with those who form it. Voices go much further than votes, if they are voices to which the world will listen; and the world listens, not entirely according to the merit of the speaker, but according to the height of the pedestal from which he speaks. The House of Lords is the biggest of all pedestals. Nothing can compare with it in authoritative position, except the other House of Parliament, and the greater independence of its members gives to it an advantage even in that comparison. A clever man speaking in the House of Lords has much more chance of making his opinions known to his countrymen than an equally clever man speaking anywhere else. As long as this prominence lasts, it is impossible to say that the House of Lords has lost the real elements of power, and it is upon its continuing thus to hold the first claim on the attention of educated readers that its permanence as a living institution depends. But of course the vitality of such a privilege must necessarily be materially affected by the use that is made of it, and the value that is shown for it by its possessors.

The first condition of inducing others to believe in you is that you should entertain some sort of belief in yourself. Even a Beef-eater could not properly perform his part in the exalted ceremonies in which he takes a share, if he looked upon himself as a sham. The permanence of the LORD MAYOR and the Court of Aldermen, in spite of the reforming zeal of the last thirty years, is chiefly due to their profound faith in their own importance. It was not a sentiment that was shared by any calm observer; but it was impossible to persuade the mass of men that a body whose self-assertion was so vigorous could be wholly destitute of vitality. Of course, however, the converse of the same process may take place. If the Peers persist in believing that the chief object of their House is only to furnish a place for passing an idle hour or two before dinner, they will soon succeed in converting the public to their way of thinking. No set of men can possibly be such good judges of the amount of value and interest to be attached to the Peers' debates as the Peers themselves; and if they decide, by a majority of about four hundred to five,

that the debates are not worth attending to, their countrymen will respectfully bow to their decision. No one will care to study the proceedings of an Assembly which itself treats them with contempt. The whole charm of oratory, even to those who do not hear it, but merely read the report of it, depends on the supposition that it is an attempt to persuade somebody. If it is once understood that earnest appeals to "my Lords" to come to this or that conclusion are addressed really to a vast wilderness of red benches, speckled here and there by one or two sleepy Peers who are lingering behind out of civility, the seriousness of the language used becomes transparently unreal. A dialogue between Lord DERBY and Lord RUSSELL will no doubt be always interesting. But it might be done cheaper. The magnificent palace, the well-paid staff, the cumbrous forms, are all costly surpluses if the final cause of the whole arrangement be nothing more than to allow two accomplished statesmen to provide political essays for the readers of the newspapers the next day. Newspaper articles are very good things in their way, but it is not the function of the House of Lords to furnish them. Speeches in Parliament are of value in instructing the public mind chiefly because they appear in the form of a debate. And a debate implies something that can be dignified by the name of an Assembly.

If the present condition of the House of Lords is dreary for want of listeners, the future threatens to be more gloomy still by reason of a much more serious deficiency. There are at present, exclusive of Law Lords, some half-dozen first-rate speakers in the House of Peers, and they are able, even in the absence of an audience, to produce something that in the papers looks like a good debate. To a spectator the proceeding is less impressive. It looks as if these few enthusiastic orators had, in their zeal, left St. ANTHONY in the shade, and were making an effort to convert the furniture. But these unifying accessories do not make their appearance in the reports, and for the present the effect is sufficiently good. But how will it be when the present generation of orators has passed away? The same balance of tastes which makes a Peer unfailingly prefer his dinner to his debate operates to make debating an unpopular amusement with the younger generation. With one or two exceptions, there is not even an indication of a rising crop of orators to succeed those who now lead the House, and who secure for it so powerful an influence in the formation of political thought. Do the Peers seriously imagine that, when the public discovers that their body contains neither an audience who care to listen nor speakers who care to speak, it will be able to retain its hold over opinion, or even to preserve the formal powers which it has inherited from a less self-indulgent age?

#### AMERICA.

THE Federal papers assert that, after the capture of Fort Pillow by General FORREST, three hundred negro soldiers and more than fifty whites were murdered in cold blood, and that some of them were even tortured. The reckless mendacity of many Northern reporters suggests a doubt whether so wanton and insane an atrocity has, in fact, been committed. The PRESIDENT declared, in a speech at Baltimore, that the news had not been officially confirmed; and the most detailed account of the alleged occurrence is contained in the *Washington Star*, which has acknowledged the forgery of the notorious MALLORY report. Nevertheless, it is certain that the rumour was generally believed, for a Committee or Deputation has been sent by Congress to the Mississippi, to collect evidence on the spot. If there is any foundation for the charge, the Confederate Government is bound to visit the crime with exemplary punishment. As Mr. LINCOLN justly and considerably observed, the alleged murder may have been perpetrated by the command of one man, but his impunity would transfer the burden of guilt to his superiors and to the Government. There appears to have been no excuse for any extraordinary violence, as Fort Pillow surrendered with little resistance; and it is by no means improbable that a delinquent commander of the garrison may have devised the whole narrative for the purpose of diverting public indignation from his own cowardice and incapacity. The Confederates have talked loudly of their intended punishment of negro rebels to their authority, but they have not hitherto put their menaces in execution. They may argue, with some plausibility, that their runaway slaves are traitors rather than enemies; but in a civil war legal fictions must give way to facts, and, as a general rule, regular soldiers must be treated as if they were acting under a legitimate commission. All the inhabitants of the seceded

States are themselves, according to the Northern nomenclature, rebels; and it is only because they have the power of retaliation in their hands that they are allowed to profit by the recognised immunities of war. It is obvious that, if the Northern Government employs coloured soldiers, it must also afford them full protection; nor can anything be gained by making the contest more vindictive and murderous than at present. The Confederate Government cannot but know that foreign neutrality might ultimately be endangered by any outrage on humanity. Up to the present time, many Englishmen have felt a strong sympathy for a community which has maintained a gallant struggle against a vast superiority of force; but if quarter were refused to black troops, legally or illegally enlisted, neither Mr. SEWARD's despatches nor Mr. SUMNER's speeches would permanently alienate English feeling from the cause of the Union.

The Confederates have abandoned Fort Pillow, which they probably never intended to hold; and FORREST can scarcely meditate a siege of Memphis, as it is regularly fortified. It seems to be his object to employ the Federal troops on the Mississippi, and to prevent the despatch of reinforcements to the main army in Tennessee. The alarm which his movements have caused on the frontier of Kentucky, as well as in the State of Mississippi, may perhaps have seriously embarrassed General THOMAS and General SHERMAN. The defeat which the Confederates have inflicted on BANKS or one of his lieutenants in Louisiana is too remote to affect the principal operations, but half a dozen petty victories preceding the commencement of the summer campaign will not have failed to increase the confidence of the Confederates. The expected capture of Plymouth might more seriously affect the principal campaign; but GRANT is said to be still withdrawing troops from North Carolina for the purpose of strengthening his army in Virginia. The Northern losses in Florida, in Virginia, in Louisiana, and in Tennessee have perhaps not been less than 20,000 men in the course of the spring. An equal number of recruits, obtained at an expense of 2,000,000*l.*, would have been welcomed as a result of unusual good fortune by the War Department. The losses of the Confederates have been comparatively small, and it is thought that they may still have 250,000 men present in the field. They are fully aware of the formidable invasion which they will have to encounter if GRANT determines to collect all his available forces for an advance upon Richmond; yet it is scarcely possible that they can be so largely over-matched in the approaching campaign as when they triumphantly repelled McCLELLAN in 1862, and when they drove POPE in confusion to the Potomac. General GRANT has, however, on two or three occasions proved himself a competent soldier, and it is not improbable that he may be less timid than McCLELLAN. It is to his credit that he has hitherto abstained from the vapouring folly which preluded the disasters of POPE and of HOOKER. His second in command, General MEADE, has also been known for fighting rather than for talking; and, on the whole, the invading army has some reason to rely on its generals. It may be presumed that the PRESIDENT has become aware of the errors which he has frequently committed in issuing detailed orders to the army; and the highest military rank will in some degree enable General GRANT to control or disregard the caprices of Washington. It seems to be generally understood that, if the attack on Richmond fails, the whole character of the war will henceforth be changed. The blockade will, it is supposed, be maintained, and the conquered positions in the Southern States will be occupied by Federal garrisons; but the army which is assembled under GRANT can scarcely be replaced unless the popular enthusiasm is revived by a decisive victory.

It is difficult to estimate the importance of occasional proceedings which would seem to indicate an alteration of popular opinion. The Republicans have generally condemned the attempt to expel a member of the House of Representatives who had ventured to recommend the recognition of the Confederate Government. It is not impossible that experience may have diminished the extraordinary indifference with which violations of individual liberty have been lately regarded. The Americans are not a stupid people, and they are now for the first time transacting history, instead of merely busying themselves with parish squabbles. In the early part of the war, they mistook for vigour every act of executive violence, as they applauded in Mr. SEWARD's bombastic impertinence the supposed type of spirited diplomacy. Mr. COLFAX, the Speaker of the House, seems to belong to that common class of demagogues which misunderstands the popular sentiment while attempting to flatter it. His attempt to silence an opponent was not even supported by his



own partisans, who were aware that a large minority was prepared to vindicate the freedom of debate. As peace can now be proposed in Congress with impunity, the subject will probably give rise to frequent discussion. The Democrats have by this time discovered that, as a war party, they are only playing into the hands of their opponents, and, if the campaign is unsuccessful or indecisive, they will be prepared to appear as the advocates of peace. They are assured beforehand of the support of the working classes, who are opposed to the conscription, and who are daily becoming more dissatisfied with the constant reduction in the value of their wages. On the whole, however, it is probable that the Republicans will retain their superiority long enough to re-elect Mr. LINCOLN. The supporters of General FREMONT are rather active and noisy than confident of success. With the exception of McCLELLAN, no Democratic candidate has been mentioned, and a general who has been shelved for a year and a half during the most critical period of the war is scarcely likely to unite the suffrages of the people in his favour.

The American mind has not yet appreciated the fundamental truths of arithmetic as applied to finance. While Mr. CHASE creates a small panic by his visit to New York, Congress abstains from discharging its only important function by providing a revenue for the support of the war. The income-tax has produced the ridiculous amount of 100,000*l.* at a moment when a thousand times the sum is imperatively required to sustain the national credit. Since the beginning of the war, the people of the United States have scarcely felt the burden of taxation, except in the increased prices of foreign commodities. There are now various symptoms of approaching difficulty in the negotiation of loans, and Mr. CHASE is compelled to borrow at the usurious rate of nine per cent. The Legislature of New York has taken the opportunity to cheat its foreign creditors by enacting that the interest of the State debt shall henceforth be paid in depreciated paper. European creditors will not be unlikely to judge of the good faith of the United States from the conduct of the largest and wealthiest State, nor will they be reassured by the recent proposal of Mr. MORRILL for the increase of the Customs tariff. The House of Representatives will probably adopt his advice by doubling the duties which were imposed, in the first instance, for purposes of protection, and incidentally with the object of raising a revenue. Mr. MORRILL has always kept in view the private interests of manufacturers, while he has patriotically provided for the public wants. His hopes have, in some degree, been baffled by the extraordinary demand for European luxuries, but a duty of 60 per cent. would effectually check the influx of foreign articles of consumption. So far, however, as Mr. MORRILL attempts to increase general taxation, his intentions deserve a certain amount of credit. The depreciation of the paper currency is rapidly advancing, and the price of gold imperfectly represents the alteration of values. Most of the necessities of life have doubled in price, while the premium on gold has varied within far narrower limits. Mr. MORRILL is forced, while he recommends taxes and loans, to propose an inevitable increase in the pay of the army.

#### THE EMPEROR AND THE GALRICAN LIBERTIES.

THE really strongest argument against the developed doctrine of the Papal Supremacy commonly called Ultramontaniam consists in the history of the Christian Liturgies. This is not a matter of inference or interpretation, but of fact. In the early ages of Christianity there were as many liturgies, and uses and rites, as dioceses. These liturgies either gradually grouped themselves together, or exhibited cognate modifications of a few original types and became families. But they were multitudinous. To have their own special and peculiar forms and rites was perhaps a sort of honourable distinction which local churches clung to because they were local. The Roman or Gregorian Liturgy was only one among many. In these islands it never prevailed; and it has only been since the sixteenth century that the Roman Curia has succeeded in almost obliterating the local liturgies and rites. Not only had the mediæval churches their local Liturgies—that is, their several forms of celebrating the Eucharist—but they had diocesan, and of course monastic, Breviaries, or, as we should say, Prayer Books. Most of these local liturgies only survive as archaeological or bibliographical curiosities. In the West there now exist, besides the Slavonic mass used among the Eastern Uniates, only the Milanese liturgy, consecrated by the venerable name of AMBROSE, the very remarkable Spanish rite called the Mozarabic, revived by that most Spanish Spaniard,

the great XIMENES, and still used in three or four of the Peninsular churches, and the Gallican liturgy, which is used with various modifications in the dioceses of Lyons, Paris, and Dijon. It is quite true that the old Gallican liturgy was nearly destroyed by CHARLEMAGNE and Pope ADRIAN; but it has always held a certain place, not only in literature, but in the affections of the French people and clergy. On the re-establishment of the Church under NAPOLEON's Concordat, the Bishops were empowered to retain the local uses. Thirty years ago, it is said, the Gallican liturgy was used in sixty French dioceses. But Roman influence has for many years been pertinaciously employed against this old national use. At present the Roman Missal is exclusively used in eighty, leaving only three Gallicanizing dioceses.

It is obviously the policy of Rome to suppress local liturgies. A local liturgy is a tacit proclamation of a certain liberty and autonomy; while, on the other hand, the universal use of the Roman rite is a very practical enunciation of the sovereign supremacy, autocracy, and imperial headship of Rome. England, before the Reformation, always asserted its own spiritual independence; hence its old national liturgies, its Sarum Use, and York Use; and it is remarkable that the present Roman Catholic communion in England claims, by its liturgical practice, not to be the old national Church of England—else it would have retained Sarum Use—but only a Roman colony speaking the dictated words of the Roman liturgy, as well as representing the spirit of Rome. France, too, has always cherished with a jealous love its local uses; but, since the Restoration, the Gallican spirit—the spirit, that is, of BOSSUET and the Church which in the seventeenth century all but proclaimed its freedom from Roman supremacy—has waned. The French clergy of the present day are rather missionaries of Rome than the representatives of a native Church. Rome must, by virtue of its doctrine of supremacy, hate both national Churches and local liberties. What Ultramontaniam aims at is to make every Bishop and every parish priest in Christendom subalterns of one supreme general, deputies and delegates and commissioners of one central authority, the one and only fountain of grace and source of power.

Of late, what is called a dead set has been made at the Gallican liturgy, and that in its stronghold, the diocese of Lyons. The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, Mgr. DE BONALD, an extreme Ultramontane, has headed the attack. He has bowed to the injunction of Rome—

—*patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

Mgr. DE BONALD is Cardinal as well as Archbishop; therefore his duties to Rome are, with his Eminence, first, second, and third, and those to his clergy and people perhaps the ninety-ninth, in the scale of obligation. He was preceded in his attack on what the Lyonnese people consider a most precious inheritance from ancient times by a literary pioneer, the distinguished liturgist DOM GUERANGER. Mgr. DE BONALD began with reforming the Gallican liturgy used in his diocese of Lyons, by ejecting, as was said, certain Jansenist interpolations which had been introduced by a predecessor, M. DE MONTAZET. His object was, however, to prepare, by discrediting it, for the final suppression of that liturgy throughout the diocese of Lyons. The Lyonnese clergy, however, stuck to their ancient service-books. On an appeal to Rome, the present Pope temporized, and is said to have given favourable answers to both appellants. If the POPE really knew the interests of the Church, he would encourage rather than suppress these formal varieties in uses and rituals. A Church which would seek to be Ecumenical must embrace various tempers, various minds, various feelings, various sentiments, various prejudices. The strength of Rome or any other centre would lie in real unity and formal diversity. After all, the differences between the Gregorian and Gallican uses are all but infinitesimally small, and, as regards doctrine, are none whatever. And it is possibly from an occasional perception of this truth that Rome has sometimes authorized, or even defended, local liturgies, and even vernacular prayers; just as it is said, and we believe with truth, that the offer was made to accept the reformed English ritual on condition that we submitted to the supremacy. We think it very probable that PIUS IX., when personally addressed by the French deputations, answered each favourably, because he thought favourably of each. He was aware of the value of either policy. But the Curia soon settled the matter. The traditional policy of the Roman Court is against national Churches. Therefore a Papal rescript has been issued at once suppressing the Gallican uses and rites in the archdiocese of Lyons. France is in a ferment. The old Gallican party—or rather the relics of it which survive, conspicuous more by

abilities than numbers—head the opposition to Rome, which is, of course, only following the national French spirit of the Church of BOSSUET. So do the Jansenizers, or what embers of Jansenism are not trodden out. So do those liberal politicians who are anxious that national liberty should find any rallying point, and who naturally discover in a liturgical dispute a shadow of the secular substance for which they are battling. They gladly join in any form of protest against any centralized and despotic claim to authority. There are plenty of people in France who care nothing about the supersession of the Lyons liturgy, and are supremely indifferent to or superbly contemptuous of any form of the mass, but who yet hate Ultramontanism on social and political grounds.

But another authority, even more formidable, has intervened on the side of the national party. The EMPEROR has interposed. He has taken part, not so much with the Gallican liturgy as against the Papal Brief. At first sight it might seem that the EMPEROR was backing the cause of some of his deadliest foes, for it is unquestionable that among the Gallican party are numbered some of the most formidable opponents of the Imperial policy. But, for the very reason that it is a formidable party, it might be thought by the Imperial mind to be sound policy to conciliate the Gallicans on a question which might be represented as one involving the national honour and dignity of France. On the other hand, though it has hitherto suited the EMPEROR to keep on terms with the Ultramontane party, yet both he and the Ultramontanes know that the alliance is hollow and factitious. The Imperial prohibition of the Papal Brief is at once a boon to the Gallicans, whom it may be worth while to conciliate, and a hint to the Ultramontanes, to let them know that they are only enjoying Court favour on sufferance. The more firmly a new dynasty feels its hold on the country, the more easily it may dispense with the rickety props which are no longer necessary. The clerical orange has perhaps been sucked, and may now be thrown away. There is no Government which aims at being popular which does not find it necessary to keep Ultramontane Rome at arm's length. The second stage of LOUIS NAPOLEON's Church policy may now be beginning. It is the EMPEROR's rôle to be the popular sovereign, and a popular sovereign's safest policy is to prohibit Papal interference within the regal or imperial jurisdiction. Even the constitutional Austrian EMPEROR is beginning to find that the Concordat must be modified. Somehow or other, the France of NAPOLEON must be the France of LOUIS XIV.; and LOUIS XIV., powerful and popular, all but threw off, as it is said, the Papal yoke. It will be but another paradox in history if the Sovereign whose legions maintain the temporal power of the POPE should be numbered amongst those who have rebelled against his spiritual authority. It is against grievous odds that the POPE enters into this contest with the Imperial power. One of two things must happen. That the EMPEROR will yield is not to be thought of for a moment. Either, then, the POPE and his creature, Mgr. DE BONALD, will persist, and persist to their destruction, or the Roman Court will find that the POPE's truest policy, as a spiritual ruler, is to encourage rather than suppress local varieties of rite, use, and liturgy. In other words, Rome will unlearn its Ultramontanism. This, however, is a very unlikely stroke of wisdom for Rome to be capable of. Ultramontanism has been growing for centuries, and cannot, even if it would, unmake itself. Rome, were it to attempt to disavow its extreme pretensions, would be destroyed by its own creatures. The superior clergy in every Church of the Western obedience are *Romanis ipsis Romaniores*. Rome ceasing to be Ultramontane would be almost without an instrument to use. Ultramontane Rome has created a spirit and men, whom it cannot, though it desired, either resist or turn round, even if Rome turned round itself. Rome cannot divest itself of its own BONALDS. It is too late for Jerusalem to know the things which belong to its truest interests, and, because to its truest interests, to its best policy. Even now Rome may perhaps be aware that unity is not only consistent with, but peculiarly depends upon, variety rather than uniformity, and that the true strength of any body results from a combination of converging forces, more than from a monotonous repetition of the same stroke; but it is too late for Papal Rome to put in practice its latent convictions.

#### THE ABOLITION OF HANGING.

THE debate upon the punishment of death on Tuesday night was, as might have been expected, all, or nearly all, upon one side. So far as any immediate issue was con-

cerned, it was not a serious discussion. The notion that, with TOWNLEY, and the pirates, and the garotters fresh in our memories, we should consent to abolish the punishment of death, was too ludicrous to be entertained. The debate, therefore, lost all practical character. It was simply a field-day for the Quakers, and for the aspirants who seek an easy notoriety by maintaining paradoxical opinions. To disputants of this kind the House of Commons is usually careful to show that amount of consideration which consists in getting out of their way. When the devoted adherents of an eccentric idea take out their crotchet for an airing, they are generally quite safe to have the road all to themselves. To a practical legislative body, a discussion upon the maintenance of the punishment of death is, in the present state of the public mind, about as interesting as a discussion upon the sources of the Nile, or the authorship of M. PIEROTTI's illustrations. An assembly which has its hands full of difficulties that are urgent, and projects that apparently at least are feasible, is apt to turn wearily away from a disputation upon first principles.

The real difficulty with which the Quakers have to contend in advocating this part of their theory is, that they have no *quid pro quo* to offer to society for the risk they invite it to run. That there is a risk, every one feels instinctively. It may be quite true that the murderers who act from passion are very often not capable, at the moment of their crime, of reasoning calmly enough to distinguish between the terrors of penal servitude and the gallows. Against them the criminal law is necessarily a weak defence. But there are other murderers besides those who act from passion. Naturally, it is the interest of every robber to commit murder. Murder would dispose of the chief part of the evidence against him. Conviction, for instance, upon highway robbery generally follows from the evidence of the man that has been robbed. A sharp blow on the skull would dispose of such testimony far more effectually than a dozen *alibis*. The only motive which restrains a robber from taking this precaution is the knowledge that, if he is convicted, it will make the difference to him between death and imprisonment. If, however, it comes to be merely a question between one term of imprisonment and another, every man who commits robbery with violence will take care that his violence shall effectually silence the principal witness against him. Some motive of great cogency must be presented to mankind before they can be induced to run the risk of effecting so formidable a change in the calculations of the criminal class. What have the Quakers to offer in return? JEREMY BENTHAM used to say that the worst use to which you could put a man was to hang him. The apophthegm might have been true in the days of the bloody code. But, if the question is to be argued economically, the truth is now exactly the other way. Far the best use to which you can put the murderer is to hang him. If you shut him up really for life, you incur an enormous cost, besides the horror of the punishment you are inflicting, and which frequently drives men mad. If you let him go, he must betake himself to crime again, for no one would give employment to a convicted murderer. The best that could be hoped from either result of sparing him is, that he should drag out the most miserable life that can be conceived at the greatest possible cost to his fellow-citizens. If he could be restored to a condition of innocence and happiness by a more lenient law, it is possible that mankind might consent, by way of experiment, to submit to the probability that a few more persons might possibly be murdered in consequence, for the sake of attaining such a result. But the prospect of forming, in some secluded prison, a small community of sulky and despairing maniacs is not an adequate consideration for the risk incurred. Mr. BRIGHT brought forward the examples of two or three American States, and especially those of the great Western States of Michigan and Wisconsin, to prove that the abolition may be ventured upon without risk. The punishment had been abolished in those States, and the crime, as he alleged, had not increased. But States in which the bounty of nature and the scantiness of population preserve a high average of prosperity among all classes are no fair test. Murders committed to facilitate a robbery are not likely to be common in a community where there are no indigent classes; and it is chiefly against murders of that kind that the law offers a protection. Nor can any conclusion be safely drawn from a country where most people carry arms. Highway robbery is probably a dangerous amusement in the classic land of revolvers.

The advocates of abolition construct a curious argument out of the demeanour of the crowd at executions. They go out at a great sacrifice, as they assure the House of Commons, to



their own personal feelings, and see an execution; and when they get there they discover that the crowd is behaving very much like any other crowd of lower-class Englishmen that have gone out to see a sight. They jostle, they shoulder, they laugh, they talk; and as their language is not specially refined for the occasion, but the ordinary language they employ, it naturally strikes their polite censors as "scurrilous and profane." The explorers come back full of the horrors they have seen, and exclaim that executions are demoralizing spectacles, and cannot possibly prevent crime. It would be a curious matter of inquiry what it was these people expected the crowd to do. No doubt an English mob is very far removed from the poetical ideal of a crowd witnessing an affecting spectacle. But you only see ideal crowds upon the boards of a theatre. An execution at the Opera would undoubtedly be a much more edifying sight. The men would stand on one side dressed in blue and purple, the women would stand on the other in short tarlatan petticoats, and when the fatal moment arrived they would flop down on their knees, every one stretching out one arm, and singing *Io tremo*, with variations, to the accompaniment of muffled music. It is certain that if the philanthropic members of Parliament desired some exhibition of horror equally striking on the part of the crowd, they were decidedly disappointed. An English mob is composed of Englishmen, and therefore does not betray feelings either of softness or dismay if it can help it. But the lesson taught to them is just as effective as if their feelings had been demonstrative and uncontrollable. It is perfectly possible to take in the idea that a certain course of conduct will be followed by a premature and disagreeable death without either weeping or looking serious over it. At public schools, public "executions" are part of the discipline of the school, and the spectacle is frequented with great demonstrations of delight by the younger schoolboys. But it has never been suggested that the punishment loses any of its terror in their eyes because they take pleasure in seeing it inflicted upon their comrades. Those who complain of the demoralization of the crowd at an execution miss the point altogether. The gibbet is not supposed to preach either religion or morality; and no one, therefore, is supposed to learn anything of either from seeing it at work. It teaches, not an abstract truth, but a plain fact, which it commends to the attention of all spectators—that, if A cuts B's throat, A's neck will be wrung. So long as the crowd appreciate and lay to heart this important fact, it is a point of subordinate importance whether they do or do not spend their time, while they are waiting for the spectacle, in the coarse conversation to which they are used elsewhere. It matters comparatively little whether they are to this extent demoralized, so long as they are effectually deterred. They are admitted to witness executions, not that they may learn holiness or purity, but that they may learn to fear the law. Their demeanour at the time furnishes no sort of indication of the extent to which the sight they are witnessing has inspired them with fear, and therefore is no test of its salutary operation.

It would be at variance with our practice to enter largely into the theological views that are advanced in behalf of abolition, and which are expressed in the plea that we should give the culprit time for repentance. They trench upon a mysterious region of speculation, in respect to which guesses are simply valueless, and knowledge is beyond our reach. We never can form even the faintest conception of the principle under which, if at all, the acts of one man are suffered to control another's eternal fate. Any attempt to speculate upon the question leads, at the very outset, into a labyrinth of contradictions from which there is no escape. The idea that every tyrant who holds the lives of millions in his hands is thereby invested with the power of affecting their weal or woe to all eternity is, to say the least, sufficiently startling to need plain proof before it can be accepted as a rule for action. The absurdities to which such a doctrine would lead, if pushed fairly home, cannot be exposed without profanity. It is sufficient to say that those who use it have no right to complain if they are met, after the fashion of Sir ROBERT INGLIS, by the well-known Scripture texts which bear the other way.

#### THE POPE AND POLAND.

THE POPE has turned his attention to Poland, and has pronounced what is termed an Allocution, in which he sums up the passionate regrets with which the Catholic world views the cruelties and indignities to which bishops and clergymen have been subjected in Poland. Lesser evils might be endured,

and laymen might be shot and gibbeted for reasons of state. But to shoot abbés and send bishops into exile is unpardonable. All Western Europe echoes this cry of sorrow and indignation. It is sad that the Polish insurrection should have fared as it has done—sad that so many brave men, whether laymen or priests, should have laid down their lives in vain, or, if life still remains, should be condemned to breathe away existence in the living death of Siberia. No arguments as to the necessity of the salvation of Governments at any price, no obtrusive differences of religion, no unjust comparisons drawn by foreigners, and confusions between Poland as it is and Ireland as it was, ought to tempt educated Englishmen to hesitate for a moment in sympathizing deeply with Poland, or to make them shy in avowing the sympathy they feel. But, however we may feel, and however the POPE may feel, all sentiment is in vain. The EMPEROR cares no more for the remonstrances of the POPE than we should have cared if a Brahmin of the Brahmins had pleaded for the Sepoys of Delhi and Cawnpore. The Russian representative at Rome called on the POPE's Ministers, and explained that the bishops and priests who had been shot or exiled had been guilty of treason. That was all that the POPE got by his allocution. He invoked heaven and earth to bear witness to the greatness of the wrong of which he had to complain; and next day an urbane official called to explain that he was quite wrong, that his friends had been guilty of treason, and that the most long-suffering of Czars could not put up with treason. And so the matter ended. The POPE, like Protestant England and Catholic France, has pleaded the cause of the injured Poles in vain. Europe has now formulated a new theory before which these remonstrances and allocutions melt like snow in the water. The theory is, that the duty of great nations is simply to defend themselves. It does not hurt us that the Poles are miserable. The hotels at Rome are just as full in the Holy Week, there is as much coffee sipped, and as many pretty bonnets worn, on the Boulevards, the turn-outs in Hyde Park are as neat and imposing, whether Polish bishops are in Siberia or in Warsaw. We are not called on to redress all the wrongs of Europe, nor is France, nor is the POPE. But we may all talk. Lord RUSSELL may spar with Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. Lectures on behalf of Poland may be delivered in Paris, while lectures on behalf of Hungary are forbidden. The POPE can emit any number of allocutions in that extraordinary ecclesiastical Latin which, of all known forms of human expression, contains the least meaning in proportion to the verbiage. But words are all. The Great Powers are now to leave everything alone. It is nobody's business to interfere; and, of all interferences, that of the POPE is most ridiculous. He has only the paper forces and the cardboard soldiers of M. DE MERODE, while we at least have the Channel Fleet, which is in the Downs, and stays there.

Dispassionate thinkers are well aware that all this long-suffering has its good side, and that England shows some courage and sense by not allowing herself to be taunted and piqued into a war of which she cannot see the use or the end. There is also much wisdom in the general notion that it is better for a nation to grow in wealth and happiness at home than to rush to the defence of foreigners whose cause she can only understand very imperfectly, and who will show their gratitude, if she is successful, by hating her as the Garibaldians hate the French. But if any one thinks that our present mode of regarding Continental politics is narrow and selfish, if any one mourns over the undoubted wrongs of Poland, or is fired by the misplaced chivalry of the Danes, let him remember that the POPE has been the prime author of the new way of regarding political questions. At Rome, more than anywhere else, principles have been disregarded so long as a political cause might triumph. The POPE and his advisers have disregarded the sacredness of human life, have condemned innocent men to the tortures of life-long imprisonment, and have torn the husband from the wife and the son from the mother, in order that the holy cause of Ultramontane Catholicism might have undisputed sway at Rome. They argued that the happiness of individuals, the peace of families, the sanctity of homes, were all trifles so long as the interests of the holiest of institutions required the sacrifice. The Church before all was their watchword. The CZAR has but done by their friends in Poland what they have done by hundreds of honest and intelligent men in their little city of Rome. He has considered that the safety and glory of Russia come before all things, that if men revolted or abetted revolters they were to be trampled out, or insulted, or sent into hopeless exile as convenience might dictate. Russia is called holy at Moscow, just as the Church is called holy at Rome; and what

outsiders call crimes are viewed by those within the charmed circle as measures of necessary severity. The POPE and his friends are perfectly honest and perfectly consistent. They say that they are deeply sorry for individuals, that they mourn over the pain they inflict, and would be only too glad to be merciful and exchange the sword of punishment for the kiss of forgiveness. But then the cause for the sake of which they persecute is so particularly, so undeniably, so incomparably good. What are the woes of a few poor Romans by the side of the triumph of the Church? And this is exactly what the Emperor of RUSSIA says on his side. The Emperor ALEXANDER, like the POPE, is known to be a kind, merciful, tender-hearted man, but he cannot be false to his duties as Emperor of All the Russias. Human nature is so weak that it doubtless seems to him more legitimate to be stern when he recollects that he is Emperor, not only of one, but of all the Russias, just as the POPE, as Vicegerent of CHRIST, feels called on to be more unbending than if he had been a simple Cardinal or Archbishop. What are a few Polish Bishops and Abbés to the safety of the Russian Empire and the triumph of the Greek Church? What would become of the nice metaphysical distinctions and difficult dogmas which we owe to the Byzantine casuists if there were not a living Emperor with half a million of armed devotees under the protection of Saint SERGIUS to uphold them? Thus Moscow answers Rome, and we cannot see that Rome has any satisfactory reply, or any means of logical escape, except that with which the haze of an allocution supplies her.

We cannot forget that a week or two ago GARIBALDI also spoke on Poland, and pleaded her hopeless cause with a genuine and earnest pathos. He pleaded in vain. For nations are not to be moved by fine feelings or fine words in these days. He could not prevent the thought recurring—What are we asked to do, and why should we do it? But, at any rate, GARIBALDI touched larger sympathies and deeper feelings than the POPE does. He pleaded for the Poles, not because they are Catholics, not because bishops and priests suffer at the hands of the Russians, but because in Poland there are thousands of men and women who are wronged, miserable, and at the point of death. He appealed to the universal sympathy of men, and the sympathy which he expressed and felt was really catholic. He was not restrained by the bonds of religion or race or reason. He was equally anxious to help the Poles and the Danes and the Federals. Just as, in the times of the Crusades, it was enough to whisper the name of Christian to be at once countenanced and encouraged by the soldiers of the Cross, so every one who says he is fighting for freedom is dear to GARIBALDI. In the presence of this wide and comprehensive sympathy, the petty sectarian moaning of the POPE fades into insignificance. GARIBALDI's teaching is scarcely of this world. It is impractical. It might lead to great mischief. It does not acknowledge the barriers of time and circumstance. But at any rate it is grand and universal. It offers Europe something greater, and nobler, and wider, than the narrow paltry appeal for the safety of Romish bishops and priests, while laymen in the capital of Italy are thought less of than the beasts that perish. The words of the POPE have fallen utterly dead. No one cares for his appeal. The Emperor of RUSSIA despises it, for it is directed against him, and he knows it to be powerless. The rest of Europe look on it as the harmless whine of an old man and a decayed Court attempting to claim a position that has long been forfeited. But the words of GARIBALDI can scarcely be said to fall utterly dead. There is something in the appeal in behalf of the oppressed nations of Europe, something in the care for humanity, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether Negro, European, or Asiatic, which fills us with sympathy and admiration, even when we are not prepared to vent our feelings in any strong steps of immediate action. We have most of us thought GARIBALDI and his political raptures moonshine, but he beams forth like the sun at midday by the side of the feeble flickering light of Papal wisdom.

#### THE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE time seems rapidly approaching when the tenacity of the struggle for empire on the part of the Northern States will have to undergo a trial long anticipated by the impartial sagacity of foreigners, though completely ignored by the Abolitionists and contractors who have been the mainstay of the war. In spite of the lavish prodigality with which the contest has been sustained, the people of the Federal States

have scarcely yet learned the meaning of pecuniary pressure; and some among them—not, however, including Mr. CHASE, the instrument of the national expenditure—seem to have convinced themselves that the laws which apply to all the world besides have no *locus standi* on American soil, and that their country is daily growing richer by the frightful waste and destruction of a gigantic war. And certainly there was this much to be said in favour of such a belief, that the Northern States had held out steadily against the incessant drain of men and money, and wealth of every kind, without showing many external symptoms of distress, and with scarcely an indication of an impending collapse. It is easy to trace the causes of the comparative prosperity the continuance of which has done so much to feed the war, and to see, after the event, that those among us who, at the commencement of the struggle, prophesied the speedy exhaustion of one or both of the combatants had formed a very inadequate estimate of the strength and wealth of the American people. But a falling body must come to the ground at last, and, whatever may have been the original resources at the disposal of the Government, it is matter of absolute certainty that sooner or later they must be exhausted, and the war bring itself to its natural conclusion. The interesting and almost unfathomable question, how soon such a conclusion may be looked for, does not yet admit of any positive answer; but recent accounts show clearly enough that American finance is entering upon a new phase, which will demand a very different temper to sustain the war from that which the politicians of Washington have yet displayed. Absolute exhaustion, in the sense of utter incapacity to prolong hostilities, is long in coming, even to a poor nation. It is now more than a year since the Confederate States were plunged into apparently hopeless difficulties. Their currency was depreciated to one-fourth of its nominal value, and, with the exception of the special cotton loan, their securities commanded but little favour even among their own people. Still they have fought on. Their forces have not dwindled, and their commissariat, however defective at times, has sufficed to maintain in sturdy fighting condition armies which are able to hold their own against all the power of the North. What they have done up to this time they will probably be able to do for years to come; and what they can do their enemies also can do, if they have sufficient resolution. The Confederates, it is true, grow poorer day by day, but the accumulated riches even of a comparatively poor country will last a long time when every man is ready to sacrifice all that he possesses rather than give up the hope of independence. If the same tenacity of purpose could be counted on among the Federals, Mr. CHASE need feel no alarm at the signs of financial trouble, and, if we mistake not, the time is not far distant when the mettle of the North will be tried in the same furnace through which the Confederates have passed without flinching.

It is not very many months since New York was jubilant with the idea that the great gold difficulty had been definitively conquered. The wholly unexpected fact that the premium on gold declined, at one time, to something like 20 per cent., after having stood for a long period at more than 50, was seized upon as conclusive proof that the previous depreciation of the currency had been solely the fruit of needless alarm, or the work of selfish speculators. This dream has now been effectually dissipated, and it must be pretty well understood, even in Wall Street, that when gold has once touched (though in a moment of panic) such a price as 190, its onward course is not likely to be permanently stayed. With the rapid advance in the price of gold came the first, though not the last, of the panics which an unstable currency and an exhausting war cannot fail to produce in a commercial country. The recovery of 15 or 20 per cent. which Mr. CHASE contrived to effect is as strong a proof as the panic itself of the feverish excitement which is taking the place of the overweening confidence which once prevailed in the city of New York. If newspaper gossip is to be trusted, the magical revulsion was brought about by the triumphant display of drafts upon the Bank of England which Mr. CHASE produced to ease the market, though the circumstance that the Government was selling gold all the time at 165 renders the panic itself more astonishing than the rapid, though partial, recovery. As a continuous practice, even the most astute Government is likely to fail in the attempt to keep gold or any other commodity always on sale below the market price. The demand under the circumstances is apt to become unlimited, while the supply cannot be forced beyond its natural amount. That the Government have, to a considerable extent, sold gold or its equivalents at rates far below the ordinary commercial quotations, may render the



future payment of specie dividends uncertain, but it can do little to alter permanently the course of the market. Continuous depreciation, therefore, with fluctuations probably of increasing violence, is the financial prospect of the Northern States. Will they submit to the inconvenience, with all the sacrifices which it must entail? It will be hard for a Yankee merchant, with his foreign transactions constantly deranged, and at last rendered impossible, to put up with such a currency as the blockaded and self-dependent Confederates have been content with. When once the downward progress has become sufficient to paralyse trade, as it threatens soon to do, it will, it is true, be possible to continue the war, but not to continue it with the appearance of profit and prosperity which has reconciled so many of the more moderate among the Northerners to a struggle which scarcely seemed a calamity. At present, the Republican votes would no doubt largely outnumber the party of peace, but when it shall be understood, as it must be in due time, that the choice is between peace and the endurance of private loss, it is by no means certain that New York and other large centres of trade will feel called upon to display the same kind of heroism of which every Southern city furnishes abundant examples.

The increasing depreciation of the United States' paper is not the only symptom of the financial trial which will have to be endured. In a very short time the greater part of the enormous Federal army will have to be repurchased. We know what it has cost to construct this instrument of aggression, but no one can say how much more may be required for its reconstruction. Unless American nature has lost its 'cuteness, the most patriotic veteran will understand that an indispensable article, of which the supply is limited, can command almost any price. The old-soldier market has already been rising as rapidly as the price of gold, and the two influences may be expected to react upon one another with effects of rather startling magnitude. There is another form in which the evils of monetary derangement are beginning to make themselves felt. Strikes expressly on the ground of the diminished value of the circulating medium are troublesome matters to arrange in a city so turbulent as New York; and the attempt to repress by severe enactments the right of combination among the working men is scarcely likely to be more successful in a republic than it was found in England before our eyes were opened to a more prudent policy. Military repression might keep down discontented workmen at New York as easily as it restrains political enemies at Baltimore, but even the resources of the United States must fall short of what would be required to garrison, not only the conquered and disaffected States, but the very towns from which the supply of soldiers and of loans is to be drawn. It is no wonder that, in the midst of such difficulties, the conscription is delayed; but the alternative of purchasing the recruits that will be needed will be scarcely less damaging if, as it cannot well fail to do, it should hasten and aggravate the rapid course of depreciation and panic which cannot be much longer delayed. One symptom, and one only, is to be found of a more favourable character. It seems to be an undoubted fact that, to some extent, a demand for Federal securities has revived in Europe, and of course the prospect of making the whole world his creditor would materially alter Mr. CHASE's position. If his credit were sufficient to raise new loans out of his own country, it is impossible to say how long the evil day might not be staved off; but there is no reason to suppose that the European dealings in Federal bonds are of any other character than the speculative purchases of the Confederate loan; nor have they, as yet, made themselves conspicuous in the markets of this country. We need not at present anticipate that the war will be fed by European resources after the means of both combatants shall have been exhausted; and it is certain that the temptation to purchase Federal bonds will cease when the pledge to pay the interest in gold shall be broken by the Washington Government, as it already has been by the State of New York. What stage of exhaustion or endurance must be reached before the warlike ardour of the Federals will be extinguished remains yet to be proved, but, if all past indications can be trusted, there exists no disposition to carry patriotism to the quixotic point of paying taxes. The Acts which Congress passed so freely for raising the revenue to an amount which should bear some appreciable ratio to the annual expenditure are said to have proved almost a dead letter. Like the Conscription law, the laws of taxation are too effective to be put in force, and it is scarcely doing injustice to the American character to look for the close of the war on the day when it shall first be seriously attempted to defray its cost by internal taxation. However this may be, it seems tolerably certain

that the genuineness of the war feeling in the North will soon be tested by the cessation of the private gains which have hitherto made a public calamity more than endurable.

#### LITERARY ADVOCACY.

NO question is more interesting to those who occupy some portion of their time in writing, than the question how far it is honourable and fair to advocate causes in which private passions or sympathies are enlisted. What may a man who wants to keep the ninth commandment do when he has to attack, and what must a man who wishes to avoid flattery and deceit shrink from when he has to defend? No exact line can ever be drawn. It is partly a matter of feeling, and partly—and that to a degree of which the uninitiated can have no idea—a matter of literary art. The command of words, so as to create a strong impression without ever using strong or strained or unfair phrases, is an art that, like most arts, comes only with long practice. But still there is a general result at which we can arrive. There are things which are very good, and things which are lawful, and things which are reprehensible, in writing, as in everything else. For example, in political writing, it seems to us best to be impartial—to attack whoever ought to be attacked, and to defend whoever ought to be defended; to have no preference, except such as is justified by facts, for the Ministry against the Opposition, or the Opposition against the Ministry. But we are aware that it may be contended, with some plausibility, that it would be scarcely desirable that all journalism should be conducted in this way. It may be useful in many cases to decide on which side we are, and to help that side in a decorous and rational manner. After we have thought over the whole group of public men and the whole set of public measures which different fractions of the group would be likely to support, we may, not improperly, make up our minds that a certain set of men is better than another set, and one great section of public measures better than another section. Politics, it may be argued, are a practical thing. We must look to the real human beings through whom we have to work, and to the general effect of one policy as compared with the general effect of another policy. This is the way in which parties are built up and kept together, and it is not yet obvious how beings so imperfect as men, and Englishmen, could get on if there were no parties. The higher advocates of a party never lose their independence, and retain, at least in theory, the right to criticize those whom they support. It is chiefly by silence, by passing over all the weak points in their friends' case, and by putting every excuse which circumstances lend in its strongest light, that they show favour. The *Times*, for example, supports the present Government with a very strong and unwavering fidelity. But it chiefly supports it by never criticizing it, and by putting in the best light whatever the chiefs of the Government may do. Further down in the scale come avowed party writers, who are often men of honourable, and perhaps scrupulous, character; but they have a turn of mind which makes them associate themselves thoroughly with their friends, see only as their friends see, and think as their friends think. As compared with the position of independent critics, their position is an inferior one, but it is one that is quite legitimate and honourable. Lastly, there are the hirelings and ruffians of a party, who will do anything and say anything, and bless, or curse, or even pray for any one, to order—men who fill the columns of the daily press in America, and of the religious press in England. Even the most elastic theory cannot be stretched so as to permit admiration of writers such as they are.

The difficulties which press on a writer who deals with the political world also press on a writer who has merely to criticize literature. If a writer stands completely outside of the world of politics, he is very independent, but he is likely to be ignorant and crotchety. If he mixes in the political world, it is natural he should like to save trouble and see it at its best. That is, he thinks he gains knowledge and the habit of looking at affairs practically by frequenting the houses of those who, in opposition or office, govern the country. But it is almost always the case that he makes a choice, and finds himself at home in one set of houses. The masters of these houses—and, what is sometimes quite as important, the mistresses—become his friends, and he cannot bear to ridicule or annoy them. He treats them tenderly, and so far he departs from the stern standard of entire independence. But his departure is unavoidable. No man of feeling and honour can bear to put in an unfavourable light the actions of a man who has just done his best to amuse and oblige him, whose children he has just been playing with, whose wife or daughter he has just been sitting by at dinner. He cannot forget this, and we do not think it would be desirable that he should. Literature would grow brutal and coarse if it tried to be too pure. A man who lived as a recluse, or who went into the world and passed through society unmoved, unloving, never gratified by attentions, never alienated by coldness, would write worse, not better, for his sternness. His conception of life would be false, his opinions on men and things more warped and one-sided. And in the same way it is quite allowable to say a kind word for a friend's book, to be gentle in speaking of its faults, to point out the best, and not the worst, passages. This, it may be said, is nothing but saying in a fine way that it is right to puff bad books if you know the author. The two seem the same, and the only difference lies in the way in which the criticism is done.

There are little shades of language which give quite a different meaning to expressions of praise or blame, and some of these it is right and others it is wrong to use. A sensible critic, anxious to be kind and yet anxious to be honest, rejects many phrases that first occur to him, scruples about some, admits others only after long hesitation, and perhaps for want of anything better. The result is what he wishes to be judged by, and of that a sensible reader is the arbiter. As a matter of fact, is the praise given more than the praise which may fairly be given to the book if viewed in a friendly spirit? That is the only question that a critic has to ask, and he is absolved if the reader answers it favourably. Readers can in a minute detect when friendly criticism is mere absurdity—when a weak novel is pronounced to have all the powerful satire of Thackeray combined with the gentle pathos of Miss Yonge, or a trumpery historical biography is said to open a new world, to fascinate, to enlighten, and to be found at all libraries. No rules can be laid down as to what a friendly critic may say, or omit to say. But so long as he does not confuse men's minds and alter the general standard of excellence, so long as he lets a little novel, or tale, or pamphlet, or poem be taken for what it is and no more, he is not called on to stifle his natural feelings like a Spartan boy grinning while a fox is gnawing into his stomach, and he may make the best and the pleasantest case he can for the production of a man or woman he really likes. Obviously, however, the less he condescends to keep a large miscellaneous literary acquaintance the better, or else he will come to have tender feelings for a whole clique, and will find himself called on to be blessing his associates all day long as if he were one of Messrs. Moses's prophets.

While, however, we quite admit that a writer may say a good word for his friends, and may be forgiven even if he throws himself a little too heartily and rashly into a favourite cause, there are certain things which he ought not to do, and for doing which he ought to be exposed to unsparing censure. It is not right to misrepresent, to misquote, to falsify documents, to give wrong references on behalf of a friend. It is not right to bring up refuted accusations, to make unwarranted and malicious suggestions, in order to annoy and crush a friend's enemy. It cannot be said that everything is fair in literary war and literary love. Perhaps those who know how easily the minds of men are biased, and how easily the mind, if biased, reads things wrongly, and almost believes that it sees what it wishes to see, will not be too harsh when they meet with the more violent bursts of an exuberant partisanship. But still there is a right and a wrong in literary advocacy, and it is highly undesirable that this right and wrong should be confused. For example, Sir Emerson Tennent seems to us to go too far in his advocacy of Mr. Whitworth and Mr. Whitworth's guns. We have not a word to say against Mr. Whitworth's guns, and it is to be wished that, if he thinks he can make a better gun than Sir William Armstrong can, he should have every opportunity given him of bringing his invention fairly before the public. It is also very natural that Sir Emerson Tennent, who seems to take a warm interest in guns, should have written a book to praise the Whitworth guns, of which he approves, and to decry or disparage, or at least reduce to their proper level of esteem, the Armstrong guns, which he thinks overrated. As the controversy has been hot about these guns, a writer who prefers one to the other may be excused for feeling the fervour of the controversial flame, and for making things pleasant for his friend and unpleasant for his enemy. But Sir Emerson Tennent has gone much further than this. He has written a book founded mainly on a Bluebook, and he professes to take the Parliamentary evidence as the foundation of his statements. But he has such odd views about Bluebooks and Parliamentary evidence. He thinks he may stop in the middle of evidence, so as to give exactly what suits him and omit what he dislikes. He considers himself at liberty to refer to the propositions brought before the Parliamentary Committee and rejected by it, as if they were its decisions. He sees no objection to altering the wording of answers so as to give them quite a new sense. An elaborate article in the new number of *Fraser's Magazine* exposes all these freaks of literary advocacy, and it is worth noticing a little in detail how Sir Emerson Tennent has set to work. It is not that we wish to hold him up to literary or public indignation, but we do not like his way of setting about a literary task. We think that the liberty of backing a friend degenerates, in his hands, into license, and that what he has thought fit to do may serve as a very useful warning to others who have a cause to argue and the case of a friend to uphold.

The kind of thing we object to is this. Sir Emerson Tennent says, in his book, of the Armstrong guns:—"And so it may prove among the crew; the careless and unobservant will not shrink, because they are unaware of the danger; but the intelligent will be distrustful from a perception of the risk. Captain Hewlett of the *Excellent*, than whom no one has expressed a higher approval of the Armstrong guns, says, although his own men and officers have the most perfect confidence in them, the general opinion of the navy is rather adverse, they are frightened from one or two accidents, and the feeling of the fleet now is rather against them." Now what Captain Hewlett did actually say was:—"It is only to know the gun, to be perfectly satisfied of its safety; but I think the feeling in the fleet was rather against the gun; it is being got over now." The difference is not very great if we take word for word, but the general result is quite different. Sir Emerson Tennent makes Captain Hewlett say that the feeling of the navy is against the gun. What Captain Hewlett said is, that

the feeling of the navy used to be against it, but is changing. This is not, we think, quite fair in the way of literary advocacy. Then, again, Sir Emerson Tennent leads his readers to believe that Mr. Whitworth was not allowed to be present at the trial of his own guns; whereas, in the Bluebook, one of the chief officers appointed to preside at this trial said:—"I can show from the Letter-book that we have written to Mr. Whitworth, naming the hours during which the tide would answer for practice during several days, and requesting him to name the time that would be most convenient for him to attend." Even literary advocates are hardly entitled to look steadily at a black thing and describe it as white. In the same way, Sir Emerson Tennent says of Sir William Armstrong:—"He was constituted the confidential adviser of the Government upon the discoveries of other inventors as well as of his own." But the Bluebook tells a different tale. The officers appointed to report on the guns to the Government assert that, when the guns of other inventors were submitted to the Committee, "Sir William Armstrong never came between the parties in any shape." On another occasion, Sir Emerson Tennent complains that Mr. Whitworth's men were not allowed to fire his guns at the trials, and a passage is quoted from the report of an officer, who says, "The practice recorded was carried on entirely under our direction." There Sir Emerson Tennent stops; but the Bluebook does not stop there. It continues the same sentence with the words—"a man of Mr. Whitworth's, accustomed to fire his guns, looking over the sights on each occasion before firing, and pointing out anything he thought required attention." This art of stopping short in the middle of a sentence, half of which suits the writer and half of which does not suit him, is one not unfrequently practised. It is greatly in vogue in theological circles, but we do not like it in literature. It seems to us calculated to bewilder the public, and even to be a sort of imposition on the reader. Still less can we approve such transformations of fact as when Sir Emerson Tennent tells us that a Committee of the House of Commons recommended an investigation "in which, without prejudice or partiality, the different systems may be fairly experimented on," whereas it appears from the Bluebook that a proposal to insert these words "without prejudice or partiality" was made to the Committee, and, after discussion, was rejected by it.

All this need only be regarded as a warning. Sir Emerson Tennent was a literary advocate upholding a cause in which he took a deep interest, and combating what he thought the injustice, blindness, and partiality of the Government. But he went just a little too far, and as his references were to a book easily attainable, he exposed himself to being found out. So in the long run his literary advocacy has not done much good to his friend, and this is a sort of not inappropriate retribution. But we do not mean to say that literary advocacy, however unscrupulous, will always fail of its effect. It is often easy to misstate, and to misquote, without being detected, and even if some people detect the offence, there are many more who do not. The force of the warning lies, not in the punishment which will attend exposure, but in the danger of mental degradation to which an honest man subjects himself if he once sets himself to advocate anything which enlists all his sympathies, and as to which he is determined to be successful at any cost.

#### CLEVER CHILDREN.

ANY one who has made acquaintance with *Pet Marjorie* must have speculated on what clever children are made of. All people, indeed, who have children of their own can recall reflections on this subject. A first child always seems clever, from the natural consequence of exclusive intercourse with elders infecting it with grown-up manners and ways of thinking; and as the parental observer sees dawning thought shine through those infantile features, as he hears—

imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounced slide through the infant lips,  
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before—

these broken utterances, expressing mind at work and observation alive, inevitably take him by surprise. He had a different notion of children—which means, with the majority, no notion at all. He had heard of amusing and thoughtful and wonderful children, but this evidence of mind struggling with difficulties and overcoming them, this power of entering into others' ideas and catching a meaning, this presence of soul, is something—when it comes to the point—unexpected. That there should be anything in common between us and this mannish, that we can exchange thoughts and receive impressions through the medium of his "mock apparel" of language, is to the proud parent of the first-born child an ever fresh marvel, a delightful surprise. It is impossible not to form hopes for the future out of anything so exceptional and extraordinary as are these flashes of intelligence to admiring inexperience. But the practice of observation teaches us to temper all anticipation. If nurses and mothers, in the course of ages, shall ever attain to habits of scientific inquiry, and note down for future nurses and mothers the results each of her own personal experience, the world will arrive at some certainty on points of this nature. Then it will be able to pronounce what sort of sharpness has promise in it, and what other sort is a flash in the pan—a mere indication of machinery out of order, or of some error of management. In default of this absolute



knowledge, we must fain submit to every form of blunder and disappointment; we can foresee no chance of either system or progress; each person will go on trusting theories formed at hap-hazard on the basis of his own slender experience. The man whose clever child grows up stupid will argue against precocity; another who has watched the gradual unfolding of powers which started by being remarkable will declare that in all things—intellect as well as feeling—the boy is father to the man.

It is very true that, looking back, we do see the germ of the man in the child—we see that he has been the same all through. But the question is, what part of him continues the same? Is it power, or is it character? Do his good qualities or his deficiencies determine the course of mind and habit? Almost all childish cleverness of the conspicuous sort is associated with discrepancies—with an extreme inequality of faculties. A great many things seem very clever in children which, if the child were only a little cleverer, he would not say or do. Thus caution and judgment are wanting in all talkative children, who say whatever comes uppermost; yet still a child without judgment passes for a cleverer child because of the want. A man without judgment is not a man at all. Experience shows that the points which especially attract notice as proofs of cleverness in children, and which make them remarkable, often develop in after days into their least valuable qualities, or into mere peculiarities. The things are the same, but they strike us differently. We expect a child to be incomplete, and estimate him by the scale of his best points; but when he is grown a man, we take all defects severely into account, and measure the whole man by them. We judge him then, not by what he can do, but by what he is. Take a little girl who charms us by her choice of topics or her *savoir faire*; she grows up into conventionalism or love of management, and we are disappointed. But, in fact, it has been the same thing throughout; only it is delightful to see a mere baby act the woman and order us about, while it is irksome to see a woman a mere reflection of other people's manners, or to feel her interference with our social freedom. A child should be a child. All premature manhood or womanhood tells ill for the future, especially if any strain is put upon this precocity. Is there any instance of a mortal being showing himself a man at both ends of his life?

There is a good serviceable cleverness which it is well to start in life with; but eyes quick to see, memory apt to retain, thought seeking for subject-matter, and a general appetite for knowledge may exist without any dazzling show, especially if there is reflection. It is the cleverness which breaks into precocious expression, which perhaps asks wonderful questions, and is impatient of thinking anything out, that experience has its doubts and misgivings about. Wherever a child may be said to think through its tongue, there will be weakness or failure of some sort in after life. In the case of *Pet Marjorie*, she had a further instrument unfamiliar to infancy. She could use her pen in a very surprising manner. Her diary is about as clever a thing as we know of, but we think it a cleverness which would not have lasted. In her case, there was probably brain excitement. From whatever cause, in her eagerness to express, and her instinctive readiness in uttering, every thought as it arose, we think that we detect a want of reserve and discretion, amounting to defect of judgment. So many thousands of *Pet Marjorie* have been absorbed by the reading world that we are almost afraid to quote from the book, or to assume any one to be ignorant of the name and qualities of this somewhat favourite and darling of Sir Walter Scott, who lived out her brilliant little life some sixty years ago, and died at eight years old. Yet we will venture on a sentence or two. Here are indications of flirtation at five, or at most six, years old:—

The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie)—and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith—the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakyhall hand in hand in Innocence and maturation sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Crakey you must know is a great Buck and pretty good looking.

She often enlarges on her love of the country, which is

Extremely pleasant to me by the company of swine, geese, cocks, &c. and they are the delight of my soul [as also at Ravelsten where] I am enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face.

Here is her feeling on the subject of arithmetic, expressed with an emphasis which betrays rather too free an association with the "Bucks":—

I am now going to tell you of the horrible and wretched plague [plague] that my multiplication gives me; you can't conceive it—the most devilish thing is 3 times 8 and 7 times 7—it is what nature itself can't endure.

Yet this tone by no means implies any neglect in her religious education. We find her up in denominations:—

An annabaptist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pisklepan [episcopalian] just now, and a Pribeteran at Kirkaldy my native town.

The child could write poetry, too, which makes very good reading; could declaim Shakespeare with dramatic power; could criticize the books she read—a very miscellaneous list—and find "the *Newgate Calendar* a very instructive book"; and, after all, talked better than she could do anything else. In fact, there was nothing in her whole being unexpressed. Her knowledge and her ignorance are all declared. She admits of no further search; we cannot but feel that there is too much performance to allow of the idea of promise.

Perhaps there was never a more wonderful child than Hartley Coleridge—a poet in himself and a cause of poetry in others—a very fount of inspiration. He was the child "whose fancies from afar were brought"; he was "the best philosopher, the little child"; he was the "little actor," for ever "conning different parts"; he was the poet in arms who, on first sight of London lamps, cried to his mother—"Now I know what the stars are, they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up into heaven." He was the metaphysician of five years old, tormented by Kant's great and inexplicable mystery, that a man should be his own subject and object; so that, when called for by name, he inquired which Hartley was wanted, for "there's a deal of Hartleys; there's Picture-Hartley (alluding to his portrait), and Shadow-Hartley, and there's Echo-Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast-Hartley," seizing as he spoke one arm with the hand of the other. He was the child of six who lived in a dream of invention, and chalked out a political world of his own. He was the child of seven who wrote a tragedy, of which he said his father's was the only bad line. He was the child of such absolute confidence in himself that he planned a pantomime, of which story, persons, and machinery were to be all constructed by himself, and in all things equal to the magic of the London boards. It is true that he was a wonderful child, great in hereditary powers; but even here no little of the wonder is due to his leading deficiency. It was defect of reason which left him a slave to his imagination, which for ever confounded fancy with reality, which made him through life form the boldest plans, and never fulfil—scarcely ever begin—one of them. It was the very same deficiency which set off the glory of his childhood by removing all restraints to self-exhibition, and allowing free play to childish eloquence, that in the end made his life a miserable failure, and his genius a thing only to point a moral. Very reasonable children can hardly, one would think, be show ones. They may have the thoughts of clever children, but, along with these, they have a sense that they are not things to be said. They are withheld by reserve or discretion, and an extreme dread of appearing foolish and committing themselves. However, premature judgment has its dangers, like over-imagination. There never were children more profoundly wise, more thoughtfully occupied in the study of mankind, than the little Brontës; but practical wisdom was precisely the quality that did not last, and none of them were qualified to live in the world. Think of a child of four, "Acton Bell," who, on being asked what she most wanted, could reply, "Age and experience." And the rest in the same strain:—"What (Branwell is asked) is the best way of knowing the differences between the intellects of men and women?" He answers, "By considering the difference between them as to their bodies." "What (to Charlotte) is the best book in the world?" "The Bible." "What the next best?" "The Book of Nature." To another, "What is the best education for a woman?" "That (replies the premature sage) which will make her rule her house well." All these replies are from children under ten years old, and from all accounts a very weird little company they were.

Where distinguished people record their own memories of childhood, they tell us nothing of witty sayings or of cleverness in action, or only recall them with sensitive disgust. It is in their brooding, unuttered thoughts that they see the germ of their present selves; and those scenes and associations are dearest which connect the silent, unformed, yearning thought of infancy with present mature achievement. Wordsworth likes to picture himself "standing alone beneath the sky," drinking in all the "beauty and the fear" of the wild solitudes of his birthplace; or, free even from the trammels of clothing, escaping, a "naked little savage, to sport in the thunder shower," or making a playmate of the river Derwent:—

Oh, many a time have I, a five years child,  
In a small mill race sever'd from his stream,  
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;  
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again,  
Alternate, all a summer's day.

Charles Lamb does not remember asking questions, but settling things for himself. Thus he says, of the Benchet Mingay with the iron hand:—

He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling-hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses.

It is the same writer that says, "Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion; better if un- or partially occupied, peopled with the spirits of deceased members of the county and justices of the quorum," as furnishing food for solitary musing. His childish pleasures were unexpressed by words, and were probably beyond his then powers of utterance, as where he so beautifully recalls the delicious pains of infantile anticipation before the curtain draws up and reveals Persepolis and Artaxerxes—gorgeous princesses and burning suns. If he had been fluent in speech, his remembrances would not have been so vivid. Our view is, that in much talking and clever talking at the time, especially if it involve effort, the essence exhales, and the true culture of mind—those hidden underground processes by which seed turns to fruit and flower—is hindered. However, it is a subject on which no one can safely dogmatize. From what we recollect, Madame de Staël was a talker, and a brilliant talker, all her days;

but our theories, such as they are, are formed upon British subjects, not on French men or women, who say of themselves, "We are not born young, we become so."

There used to be a fallacy current with parents that clever children ought to be the better behaved for their advantages. It can be put into a syllogism, so as at least to puzzle infant delinquents, yet is pretty uniformly contradicted by experience, and, indeed, is clearly founded on error. Nothing is so trying to the propriety and sanity of any mind as a want of proportion in its powers. It is this that makes genius eccentric, and every gifted person—gifted, that is, with some original qualities in excess—hard both for himself and others to manage; and if grown-up cleverness cannot conduct itself up to the world's standard of decorum, what allowance ought we not to make for children, with all their little faculties at sixes and sevens, alternate man and baby, and conscience upset or checked in its growth by the undue development of mere intellect! Little children of this sort can at one time be too good to live, and in another day or month up to all sorts of mischief—sly, grotesque, unaccountable mischief—which baffles their elders and throws their parents into momentary despair. It may only be that they have not yet come to their conscience; human conduct has not ceased to be a mere drama to the morbidly active fancy in which the child acts different parts by turns. Clever children need lenient judges, and do not always find them. When Marjorie has been naughty, she writes in her journal:—

My religion is greatly falling off, because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my character is lost among the Brethead people. I hope I will be religious again; but as for regaining my character, I despair for it.

And perhaps her despair had some reason, for there would be sure to be some people at Brethead ten times more shocked at her naughtiness than at that of any ordinary child that nobody made any fuss about.

Our argument does not go against what we believe to be the truth, that clever men and women have been clever children; it is only that theirs is the cleverness which, as a rule, furnishes fewest anecdotes, which makes least show, which leaves boys essentially boys—often mere cubs—not at all like men. To children of this sort the feats of conspicuously clever children are not so much clever as odd, or conceited, or foolish, because they can better imagine thinking the things than saying or doing them. In fact, they unconsciously see character at work, while their elders are intent on an interesting or striking phenomenon.

#### KNOX v. SMEE AND WIFE.

THE case of Knox v. Smee was a bold venture. Mr. and Mrs. Smee must have counted, not only upon the innate British hatred of Popery, but upon the additional dislike which we all feel, and not without reason, at the trepanning policy of the Roman religious orders. More than this, the Oratory at Brompton, and its late head Dr. Frederick Faber, were especially unpopular with those who have been at the trouble of watching that gentleman's career; and as it is well known that the Oratory, and especially the Anglican converts who have entered the Oratory, represent a phase of Romanism which, among sober Roman Catholics of the old English type, is viewed much as erotic Methodism is eschewed by English Churchmen, Mr. Smee might almost reasonably calculate upon upsetting his brother-in-law's will. Mr. Hutchison was a convert, and a rich man; he had been perverted by the notorious Father Faber, who had been mixed up with the fascination of a good many other young men; Mr. Hutchison left all his money to the Oratory, or for Oratorian purposes; there was undue influence on an enfeebled, if not incompetent, mind. The religious orders are notorious for legacy-hunting, and for their especial care of the weak and pious who are plentifully endowed with this world's goods. If the Oratorians are not Jesuits—of which Mr. Smee is by no means sure—they enter into our families in secret ways. They catch converts by stealth, get them to make their wills on the sly, and bury them in secret hiding-places unknown to the law. This was the case set up by Mr. and Mrs. Smee against Mr. Hutchison's will, which, it is almost needless to add, contained no bequest in favour of Mrs. Smee or the junior Smees. But there were several things against Mr. Smee. First, there was the fact that his children were, after all, not such very uncommon victims. Not even a British jury, still less a Court pronouncing judicially without a jury, would hold that every rich bachelor is bound to leave all his money to his sister's children, instead of to missionary societies and orphanages, especially if that sister or that sister's husband have a knack of knagging. Next, when it is urged against a will that the testator is of unsound or imbecile mind, some little amount of evidence is demanded, even of a brother-in-law, by way of proof of testamentary incapacity. And, lastly, Mr. Smee—in his natural horror and disgust at his brother-in-law's perversion, and perhaps at the loss of the fortune on which he had reckoned for his children—thought proper, not only to run amuck at all Romanists, but published a letter in the *Morning Advertiser* signed with his name. This last blunder of Mr. Smee's was fatal. To be sure Mr. Smee had no choice. A man who will bring such charges as those which that letter contained against the Duchess of Norfolk must not, or rather cannot, be nice in the selection of his channels of publicity. And then, to complete his series of blunders, Mr. Smee was unwise enough to rehearse, in the House of Commons, the case which was in a

fortnight to come before Sir James Wilde, and entrusted his brief to Mr. Newdegate. The simple demerits of Mr. Smee's attack on Mr. Hutchison's will, could the case but have come before a British jury, might not have been fatal; but, though Sir James Wilde passed a conventional tribute to Mr. Smee's motives (Courts, as they will not allow journalists to discuss motives, of course never permit themselves to canvass motives), still we are convinced that Mr. Smee's letter in the *Morning Advertiser*, and Mr. Newdegate's speech—to say nothing of Lord Edward Howard's reply to that speech—did Mr. Smee no good in the Probate Court.

Mr. Hutchison was one of those young gentlemen who "went over" when going over was a sort of fashion; and, which is usually the case with those who take this step, he was perfectly happy in his new position. Religion, after all, is a matter of temper and constitution, or rather the special forms of it are specially suited to different tempers. The stiffer and less elastic and pliable a communion is, and the less variety it offers to all sorts and conditions of temperament, the more it will be subject to depletion. It was no wonder, therefore, that twelve or thirteen years ago secessions to Rome were frequent. The fashion for an æsthetic religion was met, on the part of the English Bishops, by tightening the links and bands of a special and single formalism; and there can be no doubt that, in the time of the fervour for ritualism, a good many people went over when the Bishops tried to tie down the Anglican ritual to an iron uniformity. Rulers have now become wiser, and, knowing that tastes must be consulted in religion as in other things, allow a good deal wider range than was thought of in the strait-laced and timid orthodox formalism of Bishop Blomfield and 1842. Mr. Hutchison was exactly the man to suit, and to be suited by, the Oratory, and its warm, sensuous, flabby cast of teaching, or, as we should say, of maundering. He was also precisely the man to conceive a very cordial disgust of Mr. Smee. Mr. Smee has permitted his own picture to be taken in the course of the case. He is, as Mr. Newdegate informs us, medical officer of the Bank of England—an official post which suggests all sorts of speculations. Is it a fact then, after all, that the Bank is an old lady in Threadneedle Street, and is Mr. Smee her medical attendant? Although we can, in a figure of speech, understand a feverish state of the discount market, or Consols in an excited or depressed condition, still we can scarcely comprehend how Mr. Smee can prescribe for the money market bilious, and the course of exchanges deranged in circulation. Or do the Directors, accountants, and clerks get all their doctoring done by Mr. Smee, and charged to "the rest"? Mr. Newdegate anxiously impressed on the House of Commons that Mr. Smee's connexion with the Bank showed him to be a man of mark. All that we know is that Mr. Smee, although medical officer to the Bank of England, expresses himself very offensively on religious matters. He is a strong talker, and bitter hater, and such men take and like to take the lead with their friends, and are apt to be overbearing and dictatorial. We can quite understand that, when he and Mr. Hutchison were young, Mr. Smee was the master. Mr. Hutchison's conversion must therefore have been gall and wormwood to Mr. Smee. It always vexes and annoys the strong mind when the weaker one falls into other strong hands. And Mr. Smee certainly spoke intelligibly about his brother-in-law's new friends. Dr. Faber was "an ambitious villain" and a "villanous ruler," and for Mr. Hutchison's new communion Mr. Smee seems to have ransacked the foulest vocabulary of controversy. The memory of Mr. Hutchison's father was invoked, and Mr. Hutchison was reminded that his fortune "had been left him to support his family;" which family consisted of Mrs. Smee and her children. All this was in 1845; and it certainly is not surprising that, when this sort of language was used by Mr. Smee, Mr. Hutchison gradually dropped all intercourse with him. Nor is it a matter of wonder that he became more and more attached to his Oratorian friends. It is not in human nature that men whose career has been much the same, who were brought up either together or in the same sort of way at English schools and English colleges, and who, for the same reasons and under the same influences, took the same very serious step at the same time, and afterwards engaged themselves in kindred pursuits, lived in the same community under the same roof, and in a literal sense belonged to the same Brotherhood, should not take very much to each other. It is said that monks and nuns hate each other. English gentlemen, though "perverts," who have passed together through academic life, certainly do not hate each other. If they loved each other pretty well at Oxford or Cambridge, they are not likely to fall out at Brompton or Birmingham. What wonder, then, that Dr. Faber and the Oratorians, their missions, their chapels, their refuges, their good and evil things, their follies, if we like so to call them, were more to Mr. Hutchison than Mr. Smee of Finsbury Circus and his little nephews, who were of course taught to consider Uncle Hutchison something worse than a forger. If Mr. Hutchison had left every sixpence he had to Dr. Faber, or Mr. Bowden, or Mr. Knox, for their own private use, he would have done a very natural, and, under the circumstances, not unreasonable thing. What he did was to make large advances for Oratorian purposes during his life, and to bequeath the remainder of his money really for Oratorian purposes, but nominally as a general bequest to Mr. Knox, one of the Oratorian brethren. The only course open to Mr. Smee, desirous to get his brother-in-law's money, under these circumstances, was to allege undue influence and imbecility of mind.

On the question of undue influence we have spoken. It was



not shown that there was any influence used at all, and the strongest influence which affected Mr. Hutchison's will was probably Mr. Smee's own emphatic mode of testifying against what he considered the abominations of Popery. Towards the year 1860, Mr. Hutchison's health declined, and Mr. Smee's attentions revived. Mr. Smee had not seen his brother-in-law for eleven years, but about this time he became very anxious about his health. Mr. Hutchison, in an unpardonably rude and blunt way, told Mr. Smee not only that he did not want to see him, but that he did not intend to leave him or his any money. And on the question of testamentary incapacity we must say that a more transparently flimsy case was never set up than that which Mr. Smee brought into court. Witness after witness of the highest character deposed to Mr. Hutchison's perfect sanity from the year 1855 to the hour of his death. Will after will was produced, all disposing of his property in the same way—first, to the late Duke of Norfolk, then to Dr. Faber, then to Mr. Bowden, then to Mr. Knox; but every will at every date was of the same tenor, endowing the Oratory or Oratorian purposes, and discarding the Smee family. Mr. Hutchison certainly laboured under one serious incapacity—that of appreciating his sister, and her husband, and their children. Mr. Smee is a medical man, and as there are various new forms of madness invented by the faculty, to which they attach ugly names more or less correctly derived from the Greek, we will suggest that Mr. Hutchison laboured under a strong form of misadelpomania; and the catalogue of professionally recognised madnesses may perhaps be so enlarged as to meet the case of those palpably insane persons who prefer agreeable friends to disagreeable relations. We may have our own opinion of the strength of Mr. Hutchison's mind; we have formed—and, more than that, we have expressed—a very distinct opinion on the character of the Brompton Oratory and its teaching and literature. On Dr. Frederick Faber we have been especially explicit. It demands, therefore, not the slightest sympathy with Mr. Hutchison's religious biography to observe that, whatever may be our opinion about "going over," English justice would have been most rudely assaulted, and the personal liberty of the subject cruelly infringed, had Mr. Smee's attempt to impugn Mr. Hutchison's will succeeded. As it is the only punishment that can befall him, besides the verdict of public opinion, about which a writer in the *Morning Advertiser* probably cares little, it is some reflection that the costs of the suit—a matter which even Mr. Smee can appreciate—will teach him that he perhaps ventured to rely too much on the amount and intensity of English religious prejudice.

#### PROPOSED GRANT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE extraordinary impetus which the cultivation of art of all kinds has received during the last twenty or thirty years has in nothing been more remarkably displayed than in the rapid development which has taken place in the popular taste for music in this country. The most prejudiced and ignorant foreigner could scarcely now venture to deny our claim to be considered an essentially music-loving people. But it is not so very long ago that even Mendelssohn, although a warm friend and lover of all that is English, was obliged to acknowledge that our reputation for anything like widely-spread musical taste had been exceedingly small among Continental artists. It would have gladdened his heart to see how matters stand at present. Now, probably as much money is spent in England upon music as in any other three countries in the world. In London alone we have a continual round of concerts, the advertisements of which fill one or two columns of the daily papers. We have two first-rate Italian Operas, and a company has just sprung into existence for the purpose of supporting a national English Opera establishment upon a permanent basis. We have not one, but several, magnificent orchestras, quartet parties, "recitals" and "entertainments" of every variety of form, and name, and class. We have many large societies, all of which find support and flourish, and music halls, at some of which, we are assured, popular operas are given in a style worthy of either of the great houses. In fact, an activity and interest are displayed by all classes in the musical world which must indeed astonish those who can look back to the days when Beethoven's compositions were beginning to work their way slowly into the favour of a select few of daringly original connoisseurs. And it is not to the metropolis alone that this progress has been confined. All indications show us that the cultivation of music has become general through the country. For a single respectable amateur to be found in a provincial town twenty years ago, one can now generally number a dozen; and even the humblest little market-town possesses its society for the encouragement and practice of music. And in no respect is the change more marked than in the character of the compositions which now not only gain a hearing, but achieve a lasting popularity. Then, too, in the department of church music, what a wholesome awakening has taken place! Barrel organs are almost an extinct race, and the "flute, violin, and bassoon" are no more to be heard from the galleries of our village churches. The subject of psalmody has received an attention which has produced the most desirable results, and musical literature in this branch has been enriched by a host of excellent and suitable compositions, either new or revived from the best sources, and adapted to the requirements of our modern churches. Our cathedral services, which some years ago were too often conducted in a spiritless and slovenly fashion,

have now very generally been improved into decorous and musician-like performances.

Such are but a few of the most striking indications of the sudden stride which musical appreciation and intelligence, concurrently with advancement in other arts and sciences, have of late years so happily taken. In one respect, however, music has worked its way at a considerable disadvantage. It has never yet been formally recognised as a legitimate branch of art education, of equal importance, and having an equal right to Government assistance and encouragement, with other departments of art study, such as architecture, sculpture, and painting. Distinguished men in these last-named branches of art have honours and position accorded to them which, strangely enough, seem to be denied to a musician, however eminent; and whereas the public money is most properly and liberally employed to advance the interests of the sister arts of design, not a penny, as far as we are aware, has ever been granted to further the cause of musical education.

It is, then, with very great satisfaction that we find in the Civil Service Estimates for this year an item for a grant of 500*l.* to the Royal Academy of Music. We do not think money could be better spent, either with regard to the principle which this grant would establish or the particular object which it is intended to encourage. A very manifest way in which musical education may be extended is by the vigorous and efficient working of a great College or Conservatory of Music, similar in character and constitution to the justly celebrated establishments of this kind on the Continent. It was with this object that the Royal Academy of Music was founded as long ago as the year 1820 by the late Earl of Westmoreland, with the co-operation of several distinguished professional musicians and amateurs, and with the approval and good wishes of the King. On the whole, in spite of inevitable fluctuations of prosperity, its influence upon music in this country has been beneficial, and it has educated something like 1,300 students, among whom are to be found many of our most eminent players and composers. But it has always been more or less struggling for existence, from the fact of its depending solely upon private liberality for support, and the shortcomings and deficiencies which have from time to time been justly or unjustly urged against it are perhaps mainly to be attributed to this source. In similar institutions on the Continent, the education is for the most part gratis, and the original design of the founders was that the Royal Academy of Music should be conducted upon the same principle. It was soon discovered, however, that this was impossible, and it was found necessary to charge each pupil the large sum of thirty guineas, and latterly even thirty-three guineas, per annum for instruction alone. Even at this high rate of payment, the distinguished Professors employed upon the tutorial staff were very inadequately remunerated, and they are known to have behaved most liberally, from the interest which they have felt in the success of the institution. Of course this cause alone has been sufficient to keep away many promising pupils from the Academy, and materially to cripple its influence and usefulness. Some have been driven abroad to seek the cheaper (though probably not better) education which can be obtained there for a professional career, while others have been obliged to content themselves with what special and private instruction their resources and opportunities allowed. Very much good has, however, undoubtedly been done, and the importance which experienced men in the musical world attach to the existence and efficient working of the Academy may be gathered from the long list of signatures of distinguished musicians attached to a petition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, praying for the Government aid which is now to be granted. The quality of the instruction is absolutely the best which the world can produce, as a glance at the list of Professors will at once show; and the advantages which the system offers seem to be very great, and such as would be quite unattainable by private study or in an establishment depending, as is the case with some which have lately sprung up, on individual enterprise. The existence of an orchestra ready to a student's hand at any time to try over his compositions is in itself an advantage which cannot be over-estimated; and a judicious rule which compels all the pupils to attend a sight-singing class, and to learn harmony and the pianoforte in addition to any special instruments they may wish to cultivate, has for its aim the forming of thoroughly grounded musicians as well as brilliant executants.

But without going into any details of the working of the Royal Academy as at present constituted, it is sufficiently manifest that, if musical education is deserving of encouragement at all, that encouragement could not be better applied than in assisting some establishment or other of this kind; and the fact of the long-continued vitality and hard struggles of the existing institution seems to point it out as the fittest recipient of any Government aid which may be vouchsafed. It is equally manifest, from an examination of its present financial condition, that, if some external support or other of the kind proposed is not speedily afforded, the establishment will have to be closed for want of funds. The effect of such a step at this time, when music is so widely appreciated and cultivated, would, we cannot but think, be disastrous in many ways to its interests in this country, and would bring deserved reproach upon our reputation as lovers and promoters of art. With liberal Government assistance, there seems every reason to hope that the efficiency of the Royal Academy of Music would be doubled, and that its reputation might be raised to a level with the most renowned musical Conservatories—for instance,

those of Paris and Leipzig. Already, we believe, schemes for extending the sphere of the institution have been set on foot which will necessarily have to be abandoned if aid is not promptly rendered—such, for instance, as arrangements for the comfort and supervision of lady pupils from the country, somewhat analogous in plan to the lodging-house system at our universities, and the establishment of branch institutions and inspectorships in provincial towns. Hitherto the advantages of the instruction offered have been mainly confined to pupils whose families were resident in London, the expenses of education and living being together so considerable; but, with increased means at the disposal of the authorities, and with well-organized schemes for the extension of the system, there would be reason to hope that the most beneficial influence might be exerted upon music throughout the country. The production of brilliant and striking artists, though of course a most important function of such an establishment, is not the only one; and perhaps it is not too much to say that a means of providing at a reasonable rate a sound musical education for those who may never rise into positions of greater reputation than those of respectable professors in provincial towns, is even more desirable for the interests of the art. Great natural aptitude for an instrument, or remarkable genius for composition, are almost sure to force their way into notice, and can perhaps better afford to be left a good deal to themselves; but where, as must be the case in nine instances out of ten, love for the art and fair capabilities are all that there is to work upon, a sound and systematic training is indispensable. Very many of the so-called provincial professors are ill-educated both musically and generally, and yet, such is the demand for musical instruction, they find for the most part plenty to do. An institution such as the Royal Academy might become, and as we hope to see it become, would probably do very much towards raising the standard of professional men throughout the country.

It would be easy to enumerate many other ways in which the existence of a great central endowed College would advance the art, and act beneficially upon English music and musicians. We have said enough, however, to draw the attention of our readers to the subject, and to testify to the importance which in our opinion, a grant of the kind proposed by Mr. Gladstone may be considered to possess for the interests of musical art. Whatever may be his success in the matter, he deserves the thanks of everybody who is anxious to see the study of music elevated, and facilities provided for it like those which are enjoyed by other equally important, but not more important, branches of art education.

#### THE CUP DAY AT CHESTER.

IT is difficult to call up much enthusiasm about this year's race for the Chester Cup. Last year, this race was won by Asteroid under the heavy weight of 9st. 4lbs., and that performance may be safely pointed to whenever the question is raised whether the English racehorse has deteriorated. But this year the same race has been won by an older horse than Asteroid, carrying the weight of 6st. 4lbs., or exactly 3st. less than Asteroid. Without adopting to its full extent the complaint which has been urged against the present system of handicapping, it may at least be said that, if an aged horse cannot carry a greater weight than 6st. 4lbs., he ought not to be admitted to run for such a race as the Chester Cup at all. There is, undoubtedly, credit due to the management by which such a horse as Flash-in-the-Pan is made the means of winning a large sum of money. It appears that this horse ran fourteen times last year, and won three times. By a curious coincidence, one of his lucky days of last year was the Chester Cup day, when he walked over for the Eaton Stakes, of which the value was 35*l*. He also won two stakes at Hampton, amounting together to 130*l*. On eleven other occasions he started under various weights for handicaps, and although he did not win, his running doubtless contributed towards the "good thing" which has been done with him at Chester. It deserves notice that the average weight carried by Flash-in-the-Pan in thirteen out of the fourteen races for which he ran last year was 7st. 8lbs. An aged horse does not perhaps improve in the course of a year, but there is no reason to think that he would fall off; and it appears, therefore, that Flash-in-the-Pan got into the Chester Cup on better terms by 1st. 4lbs. than were imposed upon him in the preceding season. There could not be a more instructive example of how to make money on the Turf. To breed the best horse of the year may be a natural object of ambition for a wealthy nobleman who desires to combine some public service with his private pleasure, but in such high-flying efforts there is much more risk of disappointment than in the humbler enterprise of getting a horse well in for one of the chief handicaps. You do not, of course, set about this work with too good a horse; for, if you do, his merit soon becomes inconveniently conspicuous. But with a moderately good horse, and patience and good management, the desired opportunity is pretty sure to come. Your piece may miss fire several times, but it will go off at last. There is no need to do anything dishonest, but you simply keep on running your horse. If he wins, it is an immediate and moderate gain; if he loses, it is perhaps a prospective gain of extravagant amount. When your horse's career is finished, there probably will not be any intense competition for his services as a stock-getter, but his name will be made memorable by the fact that he won in one day 20,000*l*.

The winner of the Chester Cup came away from all the other horses at least half-a-mile from home, and was never caught. That he should have beaten all the field so completely, even under his light weight, does not augur well for the quality of the three-year-olds engaged in the race; and, indeed, there can be little doubt that, with one or two exceptions, they are a poor lot. The best of them was Little Stag, who beat everything handsomely for second place, carrying only 4lbs. less weight than the winner. There did not seem to be much in the Hersey filly, who had been promoted a few days before the race to the position of second favourite. She was among the first beaten. Lord Zetland was one of the few favourites who did something to prove that they deserved confidence. He ran a fine race with Tippler for third place, and was only beaten by a neck. Tippler, who is now four years old, has grown into a great strapping horse, but is no beauty. His jockey was heard to say before the race that Tippler would beat more horses than would beat him, and this prophecy turned out true. This horse ran last season fourteen times and won eight times. One of his best performances was his defeat of Fairwater at Brighton, for the Champagne Stakes, in which the mare found Tippler's pretensions undeniable. His running third for this year's Chester Cup with 7st. 5lbs. on his back was likewise a good performance. The Marquis of Hastings began his career on the Turf well when he provided himself with a horse of Tippler's quality. As the horse's merit was so conspicuous, the long odds laid against him must have been due to the weight he carried. It was gratifying to see that that weight did not prevent his beating all the horses of his year, and it would have been still more gratifying to have seen him win the Cup. Tippler had run twice this year unsuccessfully before Chester, but being in the early season unprepared, these failures need not have impaired the good opinion formed of him last year. Another four-year-old, Accident, did not start at all last year, so that his position of first favourite must have been due to the reputation of private trials. Accident is a big strong-built horse, and it may be that the rain which began to fall this week was thought to have improved his chance. Another four-year-old, Muezzin, never won a race last year, and in his case also the favour accorded to him must be ascribed to reports of what he had done at home. After the recent failure of Copenhagen in the Two Thousand, it might be expected that the public would, for some time to come, be shy of what are called "highly tried" horses; but the fact is, that in handicaps you must rely either upon rumours of this sort, or upon nothing at all. If a horse has been proved to be good by public running, of course he has to carry a weight which largely reduces his chance of winning. If a horse has not been so proved, the probability is that either his stable does not know the exact truth about him or will not tell it. If you pursue "good things" in handicaps with sufficient perseverance, it is not, perhaps, too extravagant to hope that at some time or other you will get hold of one. But, in general, the enjoyment of these "good things" is confined to owners of horses and their immediate friends, and this race for the Chester Cup is a pretty good example of the disappointments which are commonly the lot of outside speculators. There must have been twenty or more horses which at different times have been regarded by an enthusiastic public as "moral certainties." Some of these horses did not start, and more than one or two of them perhaps were never meant to start. Among those who did start there was scarcely one of whom it could be said that the confidence bestowed on him rested on any solid basis. As regards one of the starters—namely, Canary—it really would be instructive to be informed why a horse with fetlock-joints like cocoa-nuts is not only kept in training, but finds backers at moderate odds.

A journalist of the gushing species proposed to mark the Chester Cup day with a red letter, because the Prince of Wales was reported to be coming, and did not come. If the Prince had actually appeared, it is impossible to imagine what gorgeous colours would have been employed to commemorate his auspicious visit. It may not, however, be going too far to say that the Prince of Wales showed good taste in staying away. The triumph of Flash-in-the-Pan for the Chester Cup is really an event of a very different order of interest from the contest between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler which Court and aristocracy beheld at Ascot. Chester races seem to have fallen pretty much under the patronage of the licensed victuallers, who are so influential in themselves that they scarcely need the help of royalty. It appears to be acknowledged on all hands that the horses which ran for the Cup were, with two or three exceptions, very moderate in quality; and it is not desirable to invest a race with interest simply on the ground that a vast amount of gambling takes place in connexion with it. The best aspect of the Chester Cup day is as a festival of the working-classes. The shape of the course and the various embankments and other elevations round it combine to enable a great multitude of people to see the races which take place upon it conveniently. This year a great multitude assembled, and, in spite of the rain, which fell pretty heavily, they managed to enjoy their holiday. There are a few persons taking an interest in horse-racing who are above handicapping speculations, and a very great number who are happily at the present time beneath them, although it must be owned that the progress of enlightenment downwards is in this particular undesirably rapid.

If the race for the Cup was not a very grand affair, it must be confessed that in other respects the meeting was scarcely redeemed from dulness. It would have needed preternaturally good eyes



to discover a St. Albans or Tim Whiffler among the three-year-olds. There was a rumour that Blair Athol would appear in a race on Thursday, which would have afforded an excellent opportunity of getting his measure for the Derby. But if it were supposed by anybody that Blair Athol had a chance for the great race, it could scarcely be expected that he would be started for a small race now after having declined so many more attractive engagements at more convenient times. So far as can be judged from the tone of the market, the journey to Chester did not lead to the discovery of any important secrets connected with the Derby, and certainly what was seen at Chester afforded only a moderate reward for the trouble of going there.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THIS eminent body lost its most gifted member, since the beginning of the year, in old William Hunt. David Cox, it will be remembered, was not long since also taken from it. These men, each in his very different way, were poetical painters; it was sometimes even said of them that they were the last representatives of that older and more imaginative school of water-colourists which culminated in J. M. W. Turner. Replaced they cannot be, for original genius never comes twice in the same form; but it would be no easy task to equal them. They are not replaced, nor yet equalled; but two or three artists have practically made their first appearance in this Exhibition whose works show already considerable excellence and originality, and give promise of more, if the men are faithful to their genius. As in the case of the "Institute," we shall dwell more on these artists than on those distinguished or fashionable brethren who have formed familiar styles of their own; noting only, as we begin, that—so remarkably good has been the standard of work now reached—we cannot hope even to enumerate one quarter of the drawings of merit.

The first impression, however, which the display of the Old Society will give to accustomed visitors is one not devoid of a certain sadness. It was long after the Exhibition of 1863 that Hunt died; and his works now appear, for the last time, on the walls to which we may suppose he hoped to send them. The groups of fruit and flowers which Hunt painted so many hundred times, with never-failing skill, grace, and beauty, re-appear once more on the familiar screens, and show no sign, so far as we can perceive, of diminished cunning in the hand which was so near the rest from its labours. They have the old breadth of treatment and glow of tint, and, with these qualities, that intensely poetical conception with which Hunt only could inform such subjects, and by which, limited as was his sphere, he ranked himself with the great of all time. But one or two of these last legacies from the noble old man are of higher aim or larger scope. We may name the triple groups of May Blossom, Primroses, and Wild Rose (316), and the poor, healthy girl with her basket of common English cottage-garden flowers (275). What an absolute simplicity of nature there is in the child's air, attitude, and dress! What a sharp, fresh sweetness of spring, almost tangible to the sense, about her nosegays! Many of us, when Thackeray passed away, will have remembered the pathetic allusion, in one of his earlier novels, to the name written up and marked off at a man's club, after death. It is marked off, and gives place to a successor. With some such feeling it is that we look now on the posthumous masterpieces in that almost endless series which William Hunt contributed to this society.

Amongst many other divisions, art, and especially water-colour art, may be broadly classified as belonging to the beautiful or the pretty. Prettiness in its best forms may be said to be the domain of fancy. Imagination can never be wanting from beauty. Prettiness is apt to wave reality gracefully aside; but truth is of the essence of the Beautiful. This may, indeed, at first please less than the pretty; but it grasps us with a far stronger grasp; it has, what the other rarely will have, something of the immortal about it. Somewhere in this far rarer and higher class we are disposed to place the landscapes by Mr. Boyce, who now for the first time contributes to this Exhibition. The peculiar quality of this artist's mind appears to be a deep sense of the serenity of nature. All his drawings might be described as characterized by breadth; but this breadth, so much spoken of in art, arises from the serene peacefulness which breathes from them, not from manner of execution or artifice of arrangement. On the contrary, Mr. Boyce appears to set his scene down exactly as it stands, trusting to sheer force of truthful art to make it successful. There is nothing here which, in its way, rivals his old Oxfordshire Barn (299), painted in its entire unadornedness of structure and of accessories, but painted with a grandeur and a power of tone which, as Mr. Ruskin once said of Rembrandt, can make a hay-barn sublime. A similar largeness of style, with excellent drawing of ground-surfaces, marks Mr. Boyce's "Chalk Cliff" (32). He has seized the serenity of summer dawning in his "Edge of the Desert" (198), of midday sunlight in his "Binsey" (106), of autumn evening in his "Pangbourne" (250). We hail so much variety, combined with so much truth, as of good omen for the artist's future. Let him and Mr. F. Walker (of whom we have presently to speak) be but faithful to themselves, remembering that in all art it is the head and heart which practically are the hands, and we think they have an honourable and a successful career before them.

With Mr. Boyce, Messrs. F. Walker and E. B. Jones are the new men of the year. Both show so much genius in figure-subjects that we shall venture to express the hope that the first

may add strength and thoroughness to his drawing, and the second free himself from the childish eccentricity in which only ill-counselling flatterers would confirm an artist. Mr. Walker's one large work, a girl gathering cowslips and intent on pushing her way to a bunch which grows beneath a hazel-bush, has the air of rather hurried completion, and is hence (especially in the left-side foreground) inadequately "filled up"; but in other respects it deserves the popularity which it is sure to win. The child's face, without departing from truth to English nature, is very pleasing, the lines of her figure full of grace, and the sweet fresh air of spring has been preserved in the colouring with marked success. Two or three smaller sketches have much of the same *naïveté* and charm. The "Children's Luncheon" (292) is the most pleasing, the "Scene from Thackeray" (317) the most carefully and delicately wrought. Recalling to mind the suggestions on which we have above ventured, we may say that there is here the foundation for such high art as we admire in men like Laugée, Frère, and Duverger. We need not dwell on a feature so salient, and so obnoxious to misunderstanding and feeble jokes, as the manner in which Mr. Jones chooses to treat his subjects, or on the negligence of correct design which they often show. His pictures are not, indeed, attempts to reproduce mediæval art, which, so far as we are acquainted with it, they neither resemble in their general style nor in their sentiment. But, if his pleasure be to colour the Gothic legends with the tints of modern romanticism, he should (if he desires to be fairly judged) the more carefully avoid those petty antiquated details and carelessnesses as to form which inevitably suggest mere antiquarianism to passing spectators. We would especially apply these remarks to his great scene from some tale of chivalry, in which the crucified figure bows towards the knight who had preferred forgiveness to revenge (215). Here, putting aside the artist's mannerism, we have only to admire the intense power with which he has conceived and rendered the miraculous, and the striking picturesqueness of the details, especially the landscape background. The skill with which the natural position of the image is signified by the angel figures on each side of the niche should be noticed. Let a man go thus to the heart of his subject, and we can willingly accept even an exaggerated protest against contemporary superficiality and prettiness. In his other drawings Mr. Jones has thrown himself more frankly into that element of his art which is the special quality of a painter, and he displays a mastery over colour to which few but painters, we fear, will do justice.

If we have dwelt at some length on the past and the future in the Society, it must not be supposed that this implies indifference to the really large number of excellent living members who have fairly won their fame, and who support it on these walls by many delightful works. Mr. George Fripp maintains, in the old and purer style of water-colour, that superiority in landscape to which long study of nature, combined with a delicate eye for colour, and a peculiar sense of grace and of harmony in his compositions as a whole, have entitled him. His "Nant Frangon" (88), "Linton" (97), "Windmill" (117), "Lochnagar" (142), "On the Thames" (134), display, each of them, a different phase of his skill. The tree-drawing in the latter is peculiarly good and graceful. By those who care to judge art, not randomly, but reasonably, the unfretted repose and delicate breadth of these works should be compared with the endless aggregation of touches which are apt to make up the foregrounds and crowd the fidgetty skies in Mr. Birket Foster's landscape. Here and there—as in the beech-tree on the left of his "Kite-flying" (125), and the wooded hill in the background of the "River Scene" (158)—this artist shows a larger and better style, but at present, in the main points, we can only hope that he may ultimately make such an advance as shall justify and perpetuate his popularity. The colour is still often wanting in unity of tone; the figures repeat a few sentimentalized models; the drawing expresses, not form, but effect; whilst the truth and enduring interest of the work are almost uniformly sacrificed to the fatal pursuit of facile prettiness. Everything is picturesque in Mr. Foster's sketches; but hardly anything carries with it the conviction that it really was there, or looked so; and when we examine each bit in turn, we are soon satisfied that we have before us, not the thing as it is, but a graceful piece of dexterously manufactured arrangement.

With Mr. G. Fripp may be classed Messrs. Davidson and Whittaker, to whom, with the younger Cox (*Fitz-David* would have been his name of honour in old times), Evans, Duncan, S. Palmer, Rosenberg, and Whichelo we are indebted for a number of very interesting and conscientious pictures. There is an earnestness about the work of the last two which gives them a special place, and we may extend the remark to the careful, if rather hard, wave-drawing of Mr. Jackson. Two or three brighter sea-scenes are sent by Mr. Andrews; and with these we may notice the admirable view in Venice—equally brilliant and harmonious, with very spirited figures—by Mr. Holland (69). His "Gondola" (276) shows similar qualities, but it is carried out less completely. We prefer the simple sketches of Mr. Richardson and Mr. C. Smith to their more elaborate painting. Several cattle-pieces, by Mr. B. Willis, are well drawn and composed, although in an over-wrought style; the herds are lifelike and full of action, and the backgrounds (especially in No. 180) careful and effective. Mr. Callow's "Frankfort" (68) is an excellent piece of architecture.

In a more elaborate style of landscape, besides the familiar scenes which Mr. Branwhite loves to reproduce, two or three drawings have been contributed by Mr. Naftel, which have more

of repose and unity, combined with his well-known brilliancy of touch and of tint, than this clever artist has generally secured. His "Glenmore" (217) is rich in glowing purple; the hills are beautifully and tenderly drawn, and the foreground, especially the passage on the left, delicately felt and rendered. The sky in his "Guernsey" (18) is also well studied and truthful in tone. Mr. A. Newton, a rather unequal artist, amongst several less successful drawings, sends a few which, we think, exhibit a real advance beyond any from his hand that we remember. Amongst these we would place the "Loch Linnhe" (11), for the mellow beauty of its atmosphere; and the "Morning on Loch Leven" (43), for the admirable drawing of the upper range of mountain. The ghostly solidity of snow-sprinkled peaks is here rendered with much success. But the whole scene, impressive as it is, yields perhaps in charm to the brighter evening view of (apparently) the same loch, where the cattle are at the ford, and the still water is broken into long eddies, alternate pale orange and purple; whilst the great shadow which attends the setting sun rises slowly over the hills, marking the fall of day as on a gigantic dial (34). With this fine drawing, though on a much smaller scale, we may compare the brilliant "Lucerne" at daybreak, by Mr. Alfred Hunt (127). This clear and dewy sky, on which the fiery threads of an eager and almost wrathful sunrise are diffusing themselves, is of rare excellence. But Mr. Hunt's other drawings are, if not so overtly effective, of hardly inferior merit; witness the truth of tree and rock painting, and the subtle skill of the light and atmosphere, in his two lake views (16 and 26), and the resolute courage with which near detail in its fulness has been mastered, yet without sacrificing reality of distance, in the "Ambleside Mill" (274).

The remaining figure-painters must be here briefly commemorated. Messrs. Oakley, Topham, Goodall, and Riviere send some pleasing groups; the children in Nos. 70 and 105 (Oakley) are particularly bright and pretty. Carl Haag's "Desert" (83), if not so striking as his groups have sometimes been, is a good specimen of the artist's manner; careful, but not over-elaborated, and carrying with it an air of truthfulness. Among some less satisfactory specimens, Mr. Smallfield and Mr. Burton each contribute one work deserving study, although in neither case, we think, showing the artist at his best. The "Slave with Gold Fish" by the former is an ably rendered, but not a very pleasing, subject. There is feeling and originality in Mr. Burton's "Turret Stair," where a long-concealed and unhappy passion breaks out in a moment's silent embrace. The heads are, however, so much sacrificed to an elaborate study of the dresses of knight and lady that the whole work falls rather into the ornamental than the dramatic class. The light and shade are deficient in force, the distribution and massing of the colour is rather heavy, and the lady's robe is painted with an even, textureless touch—contrasting, unfortunately, in this, with the green dress of Mr. Jones's "Cinderella," close by. Why should not the artist, whose choice of this really excellent and poetical subject proves him desirous of gaining that place in his art to which his gifts and his studies might entitle him, take the same theme again for more powerful and natural treatment? Such was the ancient practice, and we do not see why modern artists should be debarred the advantage of doing more justice to their idea by a second trial. Messrs. Gilbert and Tayler do not run the risk of sacrificing their popularity by any change of style. Their drawings follow the familiar ways which they have long preserved with public applause. Only, if Mr. Gilbert should again paint the Battle of the Boyne, we would venture to hope that he will so far at least define the King's features as to render it certain whether James or William be intended.

We have reserved for the last that beautiful specimen of the older style of figure-painting which Mr. A. Frupp (besides two delightful sketches on the First Screen) has given us in his "Piping Shepherd Boy." There is a grace and a charm about this work, where refinement is carried to the furthest point consistent with truth, which put it very high on the list of the artist's performances. The tone of the boy's figure is peculiarly pure and glowing, and the unity of feeling is carried out through the atmosphere and the landscape details with great mastery. The spirit of Reynolds and of Gainsborough has not often been caught more successfully.

#### FALSTAFF AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM the time of their first production to the present day, Shakespeare's plays have suggested more subjects for music than the works of all other known poets put together. Concert overtures, canzonets, marches, and cantatas without number have been composed, either to illustrate the plays or to express in musical language the ideas which they have excited. It is no mean proof of the universality of Shakespeare's genius that he should have offered attractions to the musical idiosyncrasies of such different minds as Purcell, Arne, Mendelssohn, Bishop, Rossini, and Verdi, with a host of other names of more or less notoriety. Indeed, the strong dramatic element in his plays, and their distinctly defined characters, have tempted composers to try the setting of some in which the passion and character are evidently beyond the power of music to develop, or even, we might almost say, to indicate. Thus it is difficult to imagine a musical Hamlet, or rather an opera in which his real or feigned madness, and the complicated motives of his actions—about which so much has been and no doubt will still be written—could be conveyed by

music; yet this play has been set by more than one composer. Among the tragedies, however, this is not often the case. *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth* seem marked for musical treatment, and the second has served Rossini for his best serious opera; but the comedies, for the most part, present great difficulties to a composer. It is less difficult even to conceive a musical Hamlet than to imagine the repartee of Beatrice and Benedict reproduced in opera, since there can be no wit in music, although humour, fun, and sprightliness may be musically expressed nevertheless. Hector Berlioz has not been able to resist laying hands upon *Much Ado about Nothing*. Where, however, the essence of the play lies in what we call humour, rather than in wit, there we may hope for a successful musical treatment; and hence the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which comic action and humorous character predominate over verbal wit, is well suited for operatic treatment. Whether the attention drawn to everything that has (and to many things that have not) any connexion with Shakespeare determined the Italian Opera managers to produce a version of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* which has been received with so much favour abroad, we cannot say; but, after having been neglected for many years since its production, notwithstanding the dearth of presentable novelties, the piece is this year to be brought out at both houses.

With his usual energy and desire to fulfil his engagements with the public, the manager of Her Majesty's has been the first in the field with his version; and, although first, he has put the opera on the stage with no undue haste, as its performance on Tuesday last showed signs of careful rehearsal, and the scenery and dresses are beautiful and new. Several changes and transpositions are made in the incidents of the play to fit it for the operatic stage. The minor characters are omitted, except Dr. Caius and Slender, but the peculiarities which mark them in the comedy cannot be preserved in music. The *libretto* is certainly, however, a very good one, and in arranging it for the operatic stage, Mosenthal (the author of the play from which *Leah*, now running at the Adelphi, has been adapted) has avoided any unnecessary interference with the story. The composer, Otto Nicolai, is but little, if at all, known in England. We have some idea that a serious opera of his—the *Templar*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*—was played some years ago at the St. James's; but *Falstaff*—known to frequenters of German opera abroad under the title *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, and which was produced at Berlin only two months before the composer's death—though several times promised, has never been heard in this country. Although the subject is not perhaps treated with all the sparkling vivacity and humour of which it is capable, yet the music is nowhere dull, and a vein of melody runs through the whole work of a more catching character than is often the case in the productions of German composers. For this feature the opera is, no doubt, indebted to the long stay which Nicolai made in Italy, where he brought out many operas. If, however, Nicolai obtained his melody from Italy, his treatment of the orchestra belongs to his own country. The instrumentation is everywhere full and expressive. There is plenty of picturesque effect and solid writing, with a complete absence of trick, or affectation of quaint and unusual combinations of the instruments. In short, the general impression which the music leaves is one of satisfaction without any strong excitement. If we are not often roused to enthusiasm by any striking air or novel treatment, at all events we are not offended by passages of dullness or obscurity. A little more sparkle and effervescence may be desirable in a comic opera, but the music is not without humour. The music of the *Wives* is especially good and characteristic, and that of Fenton and Ann Page very sweet and graceful. Perhaps the least successful character is Falstaff himself, but the difficulty of fitting him with music which should paint him as Shakespeare drew him is probably insurmountable, and we do not feel quite sure that the physical resources of the representative of the fat knight on Tuesday enabled him to make the most of what Nicolai has set down for him to do. The overture is one of the best pieces in the opera. It opens with a slow movement, afterwards employed as a prelude to the scene in Windsor Forest, the phrase being given to the double-basses and violoncellos, accompanied by the fiddles muted. The melody of this opening is the most original in the opera, and will haunt all who hear it. This is followed by a quick movement, and the overture concludes with a presto movement in dance time, in which a quaint return to the subject through an episode given to the trombones and double-basses should not pass unnoticed. It is not often that so good an orchestral prelude is heard now-a-days, and, having been extremely well played throughout, it is not surprising that it should have been encored.

The first scene introduces the *Wives*, with their letters in common form from Sir John. Never can the parts of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page have been better filled than by Madlle. Titens and Bettelheim. There is not much opportunity for single display, but inefficient representatives would perhaps be more fatal to the opera in these than in any other parts. Both ladies entered thoroughly into the spirit of their characters, and sang their duets most charmingly. Madlle. Bettelheim in each new character increases the estimation in which her splendid voice is held; it is undoubtedly the most magnificent deep contralto that has been heard since Alboni left the contraltos to force herself, literally, into the ranks of the soprano. She evidently has a great future before her if she will realize the fact that she is not yet a finished singer, and will determine upon becoming one. Were Madlle. Bettelheim gifted with less dramatic power, or a less beautiful voice, we should not



notice what is still wanting, but it is from our thorough faith in what she might become that we urge her not to neglect the means by which alone it is to be accomplished. A very good duet for Fenton and Page contains the refusal of the latter to give Fenton his daughter. The music of this duet suits Signors Giuglini and Gassier extremely well, and was admirably done, which may be said of all Fenton's music. There are several opportunities for that soft expression which is peculiarly Signor Giuglini's strong point, and of each one he availed himself to the utmost. We then have the scene of the clothes-basket and Ford's jealousy. An air for Mrs. Ford required a high degree of florid vocalization, but Madlle. Titiens' delivery of her reproaches to her husband for his jealous suspicion was admirable. This forms the introduction to the finale, and was loudly redemanded, owing to the exquisite singing of Madlle. Titiens and of Mr. Santley, who plays Ford. We have not spoken of Falstaff's scene with the two ladies, which of course precedes this finale. It is scarcely fair to pass a decided opinion upon a new singer upon a first appearance in an arduous character, and we therefore prefer reserving judgment on Signor Junca, the Falstaff of the night, contenting ourselves with saying that his voice, which is of pleasant quality, appears more a baritone than a deep bass. Owing to this, the scene of the clothes-basket, which is well written and contains considerable fun, was not as effective as it may prove on subsequent representation. The second act is, we think, the weakest of the three. Falstaff's drinking song, the rhythm of which is much cut up, is, to our taste, anything but jovial; indeed, it is the one piece of dreary music in the opera. The interview between Falstaff and Ford, under the name of Brook, is introduced here, transferred from the first act of the play. This duet is not particularly striking, but the next piece—a serenade for Fenton, and a duet for him and Anne Page (Madlle. Vitali)—is delicious. Nothing more exquisite, as a vocal display, than Signor Giuglini's delivery of the serenade can be imagined; the accompaniment of flute, harp, and muted strings gives a dreamy character to the piece, which was thoroughly realized in its execution. A cadenza at the close excited the audience to the most noisy demonstration, and an enthusiastic encore followed. Signor Giuglini here drew out a note to the most delicate piano, and at the same time sustained it without a break or vibrato being anywhere apparent, with the most delicious effect. Certainly many singers might do well to study Signor Giuglini in his method of producing and sustaining a pure tone in his notes. Not less excellent was the duet which followed, although Madlle. Vitali's voice is perhaps rather too thin to be entirely satisfactory. It was eagerly and unanimously encored. A triple cadenza for the voices and violin is novel. A recriminatory duet between Mr. and Mrs. Ford, although admirably sung, is not worth much; but the finale in which Falstaff, as the old woman from Brentford, is beaten and turned out of the house, is very spirited. This finale is much more Italian than German, and is constructed after Rossini's pattern. The third act contains the legend of Herne the Hunter, which was encored for the sake of hearing Madlle. Bettelheim's exquisite voice (it being her only solo) rather than for its own merit; but all the music of the scene in Windsor Forest is capital. The opera is wound up with a rondo, composed by Signor Ardit, and admirably sung by Madlle. Titiens. The whole performance, in short, was extremely good. The orchestra, which has the lion's share of the work, has been got into good working order by the exertions of Signor Ardit, and now thoroughly understands that an accompaniment should be subservient to what is accompanied. There is a great pleasure in having the forte passages so restrained that it is possible to hear the voices as well as the instruments. Force has been so much in favour of late years in our Opera-houses that great thanks will be due to Signor Ardit and his orchestra if a more delicate and less noisy style of playing is restored to us. The chorus is very fresh and strong this season, but it wanted a little more acquaintance with the music in one or two places. The principal singers are too well known to require any comment; and the good result of their constantly singing together was apparent in the concerted music with which the opera abounds, all of which went with great smoothness. Mr. Mapleson has placed the opera on the stage in a very complete style in respect to scenery and dresses. The opening scene, a street in Windsor, and the garden in Page's house, with a view of Eton College, are very pretty pictures; and nothing much better, even in these days of elaborate set scenes, has been put upon the stage than Herne's Oak. The only drawback to a success like this is that it may retard the other novelties which are yet to come. We have, however, faith in Mr. Mapleson's promises, and if he carries them out with the same spirit that he has shown in the production of *Falstaff*, the season of 1864 will leave its mark behind.

#### THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Report of the Council of the Zoological Society, read at the late Annual General Meeting of that body, gives a pleasing account of the recent progress and present condition of one of the most popular of the scientific institutions of the metropolis. The Zoological Society of London was originally formed in 1826, under the auspices of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Vigors, and other leading naturalists of the day, with the object of "advancing zoology, and introducing, exhibiting, and acclimatizing subjects of the animal kingdom." For several years, the Society, in accordance with the

views of its founders, aimed not only at the maintenance of a collection of living animals, but also devoted a large portion of its income to the formation of a museum containing a considerable series of preserved specimens of all classes of the animal kingdom. After both these institutions had attained considerable dimensions, it was found that the Society's income was hardly adequate to the efficient maintenance of the double collection. Moreover, the Natural History department of the British Museum had at that time commenced that remarkable advance which has of late years raised it to the rank of the largest and best zoological collection in existence, and thus the maintenance of a second and rival collection of the same description became of less importance. Under these circumstances, the Council of the Society took the wise step of getting rid of their museum, and were thus enabled to devote the whole of their income and their energies to the more attractive portion of their undertaking—the collection of living animals. In this respect they have certainly attained a most remarkable success, as we think will be allowed by all who are acquainted with their admirable establishment in the Regent's Park. At the same time, the scientific element of the Society, which was thus to some extent subordinated to the popular, has been fully sustained by the issue of a series of publications in which some of the most important contributions that zoology has received in the present day have been given to the public.

At this moment, as we are informed by the Report, the number of members of the Zoological Society is 1,754, no less than 170 of whom have been added to the list since the anniversary in 1863. This large accession of strength is, as the Council remark, matter for much satisfaction, as furnishing a decisive proof of the popularity which attends the operations of the Society as at present conducted. And amongst their new Fellows during the past year is His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who has manifested the interest he takes in the Society by frequent visits to their gardens, and also by consenting to have his name put upon the Society's books as Vice-Patron, next to that of Her Majesty, the Patroness. The income of the Society for the year 1863 reached a total of 20,284*l.*, being a larger amount than has ever before been received in any one year, except in the case of the two Exhibition years, 1851 and 1862, and exceeding by about 4,000*l.* the average receipts of the four ordinary years which immediately preceded it. The greater part of this sum was raised by the shillings and sixpences taken from visitors to the gardens, from which source the amount of 11,780*l.* was derived. The contributions of the Fellows and other members of the Society produced about 5,000*l.*, while the sale of duplicate animals and of refuse of different kinds from the Gardens added above 1,400*l.* to the income. The expenditure for the year amounted to 21,250*l.*—the deficiency thus arising being made up by the sale of part of a sum of 15,000*l.* 3 per cent. Stock, which forms the Society's reserve fund. Of this total, however, only 16,000*l.* was absorbed in the ordinary expenditure of the Society—that is, in the maintenance of its various establishments in their ordinary state. The sum of 5,225*l.* was appropriated to what the Council, in their Report, term "extraordinary expenditure"; and, indeed, nearly the whole of it was devoted to new buildings and works in the Regent's Park Gardens, which, looking to the return they are likely to produce in the shape of increased receipts from visitors, may, in fact, be considered tantamount to an increase of the Society's capital to that amount.

For several years it has been the policy of the Council to devote a portion of their surplus income to the erection of new and substantial buildings in the Gardens, and to replace by these commodious structures the temporary sheds in which, until recently, many of the larger animals have been kept. The buildings thus erected have not only served to bring the groups of animals together in a connected series, and thus to render them more instructive as well as more readily accessible to the public, but also have been the means of materially increasing the average duration of their lives in confinement, and thus saving a not inconsiderable expense. The zebra and antelope-house, completed in 1861, was the first building finished under the new system, and has, we believe, been completely successful, hardly a single individual of the important series of animals which it contains having been lost since it has been tenanted. The sheep-sheds and cattle-sheds erected in the paddock in the southern corner of the Gardens were devised with the same object, though in this case the thick walls and hot-water pipes required for the more delicate tribe of antelopes were not necessary. Last year, the surplus accruing from the Exhibition year of 1862—when the Society's income reached the large sum of 27,000*l.*, and a considerable addition was made to the reserve fund—induced the Council to attempt to carry out the plan so successfully commenced in the case of the new antelope-house. They accordingly entered into a contract with Messrs. Lucas, the well-known builders, for the erection of three new lodges, a new aviary, and a new monkey-house—these being the objects which seemed to claim most immediate attention—at a total cost of 6,500*l.* These buildings, are now finished and in working order, with the exception of the monkey-house, the internal fittings of which are not yet ready. A few words of explanation may be devoted to each of these important additions to the Society's establishment.

The three new lodges were certainly not erected before they were wanted. The wooden boxes which have hitherto served as habitations for the Society's money-takers from nine o'clock to sunset every day in the year were neither handsome nor

convenient. Moreover, they provided no sort of shelter for visitors entering the Gardens in rainy weather; and there can be little doubt that many a sixpence and shilling was thus lost to the Society. The new lodges, although perhaps possessing no very striking architectural merits, are at any rate plain and substantial, and afford protection from the weather to visitors, as well as better accommodation to the gate-keepers. For the new aviary the Council reasonably claim a greater amount of credit. This building not only presents a handsome exterior, but is, as regards its internal fittings, in several respects superior to any other edifice yet constructed with the object of accommodating birds and exhibiting them to the public. The elevation of the floor above the ground renders the drainage more complete, and affords freer access of air and light to the inmates. It likewise brings them more nearly to the level of the eye of the spectator, and thus enables a more accurate examination to be made of them. The passage through the interior of the building is also a great improvement, as it is now possible to see the birds in winter and in bad weather, when they are shut into the inner compartments, and under ordinary circumstances would be inaccessible to visitors.

Lastly, the Society's new monkey-house claims our attention. Though not yet furnished for the accommodation of its destined inmates, it offers such a striking contrast to the building hitherto occupied by that class of animals that it may well invite a few remarks. Instead of a close, windowless brick building, dark and cheerless from the absence of sunlight, and so badly ventilated as to be hardly endurable to refined noses, the new building is fashioned, in the form of a large and handsome conservatory, of iron and glass. This, we believe, it is intended to fit up and embellish with creepers and other plants, which will not only materially improve the atmosphere, but will assist in tempering the sun's rays if at any time they should prove too fierce for the warmth-loving inmates. In fact, the idea with which the new building has been designed has, we believe, been to make as good an imitation as was possible under the circumstances of a tropical forest; and, although the merits of the experiment have yet to be proved by success, we cannot but think that such attempts to reproduce the conditions surrounding the animals in a state of nature are more likely to succeed than the plan hitherto followed of immuring them in an ill-ventilated dungeon. Fresh air, warmth, and light are, as great authorities assure us, three essential requisites for keeping the quadrupeds when in captivity, and in the present structure great attention appears to have been paid to each of these points. The increased interest lately awakened amongst naturalists in regard to the higher forms of this group of animals, as bearing upon the question of the origin of man, renders it highly desirable that some means should be devised for the more effectual preservation of our "anthropoid" specimens. Hitherto they have rarely passed more than a few sad months under the observation of our philosophers. Consumption—the bane of the human race in this variable climate—quickly attacks our "poor relations" from the tropics and carries them off. It is to be hoped that the habitation provided for future chimpanzees and orangs in the Society's new house may so nearly imitate their native abode as to allow them to attain old age in this country, instead of succumbing to the effects of the first access of wintry weather.

Such are the more important objects to which the Council have devoted their attention during the past year, and to the explanation of which the most interesting portion of their Report is devoted. With regard to the state of the menagerie generally, this part of their establishment remains, we are assured, in its usual satisfactory state. On the 1st of January last, the Society's collection contained 567 quadrupeds, 1,063 birds, and 100 reptiles—together, 1,730 specimens, being "by far the largest and most complete series of living animals in Europe." In the year 1863, no fewer than 78 novelties were acquired for the collection, being examples of species that had not been before received by the Society in a living state. Twenty-six mammals, 27 birds, 1 reptile, and 2 fishes reproduced their species in the Gardens during the year—a decisive test of good health and well-doing. Under this very favourable aspect of every part of their affairs, the Council justifiably close their Report by offering their congratulations to the Society at large; and, looking to the way in which the present year has commenced, they anticipate, with some confidence, a no less promising Report for the next anniversary in 1865.

## REVIEWS.

### M. GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.\*

A NEW volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs has been published in a language which is neither English nor French. A large portion of the vocabulary is English, and even where the words used are not English, they have an English form. On the other hand, the whole construction is French, and many of the phrases adopted convey no meaning until the wearied and puzzled reader mentally translates them into French. It is to be regretted that a work of some importance should be suffered to appear in England under so absurd and unfortunate a form. There is not very much to delight or instruct English readers in the book, but still it is

the political biography of a statesman who made a considerable figure in his time. At any rate, it reveals to us much of the character of the writer, and of the spirit in which he thought and acted. Two qualities more especially display themselves—an intense belief in his own almost superhuman wisdom and goodness, and a disposition to show himself alive to all the shades of personal feeling. Throughout these Memoirs he is always proving to us now, as he constantly assured his subordinates and his political correspondents at the time, that he did exactly the wisest, best, cleverest, noblest, neatest thing under the circumstances that a man could do. "M. Guizot's letters," Lord Aberdeen is reported to have said on one occasion, "are perfectly beautiful; but on reading them one would readily believe that he is entirely right and we wrong; that we have ever to praise his proceedings and to condemn ours; finally, that it is he, and not us, who is the aggrieved party." With the utmost candour M. Guizot inserts this criticism on his letters, and it is a criticism which sums up most that can be said on this whole record of his political career. His sentiments are perfectly beautiful, and his language inspires the notion that he was always right, and that every one else, except the people who acted under him, was always wrong. M. Guizot was right in the Egyptian matter, and M. Thiers was wrong. M. Guizot secured the English alliance, and yet restrained the jealousy of the French Chamber. M. Guizot hit the exactly right stage of coolness which, when little quarrels arose, had to be shown towards Russia and Spain. He triumphed everywhere and in everything. He cared for the glory and the wealth and happiness of France as no one else ever cared. He was supremely clever and supremely successful, and it pleases him in his old age to tell the secrets of his success. Indisputably M. Guizot showed great ability when in office. He pleased the King, and he honestly set himself to carry out a policy which was honourable to himself and useful to his country. But as we read all these pages of self-gratulation, and all these philosophical remarks, we cannot restrain our wonder that the complacency of the writer should not be diminished by a recollection of the end to which his sublime wisdom carried him, and that he should be able to chase from his memory so completely all recollection of 1848.

In the next place, it is difficult to read this volume without being struck by the very personal mode in which M. Guizot regarded all his diplomatic struggles. He very much disliked Lord Palmerston, and he disliked him so much that he would not enter heartily into the schemes for suppressing the slave-trade in which Lord Palmerston took a deep interest, and to which M. Guizot himself was theoretically favourable. One of the chief causes alleged for this animosity was that Lord Palmerston, having received a despatch from M. Thiers before M. Guizot was in office, and having some unfavourable remarks to make on it, answered it in a despatch which was not delivered until M. Guizot was in office. Thus it seemed as if Lord Palmerston had tried to embarrass the new Ministry by flinging an unfriendly despatch at it as soon as it was in office. Lord Palmerston explained in vain that he answered as soon as he could find time, and that he had only said what the French despatch seemed to require. M. Guizot was not to be appeased. It is strange at this moment to read these little incidents of the diplomatic history of twenty years ago, and to find that almost the same thing is going on now. Once more France is offended by the discourtesy of a Whig Cabinet, and, in order to mark the slight, France stands aloof from a matter of European interest, in settling which England is trying to take a leading part. If the Emperor is really as susceptible to affront as M. Guizot avows himself to have been, very serious consequences may ensue. For, unfortunately, we have now no one to replace with advantage the Foreign Secretary as Lord Aberdeen replaced Lord Palmerston. M. Guizot found Lord Aberdeen very civil and courteous, and he instantly assumed as friendly and cordial an attitude as he could towards England. M. Guizot was deeply convinced of the advantages to France and Europe of a cordial alliance between France and England. This was the only sure foundation of peace, and the source of many triumphs which M. Guizot and his diplomatic subordinates enjoyed excessively. France stood, more especially, in a very different relation to Austria when England was as friendly with France as with the great German Powers. As M. Guizot says, M. Metternich ceased to be the great moderator and mediator of Europe. We may hope, however, that there is not quite so much of this personal rivalry and jealousy in diplomacy as there was. There is scarcely so much room for it. Individuals affect less the policy of nations; and even when there is a person so powerful in his own country as the Emperor Napoleon, it is easy to see that, if he is to hold his position, he must look to something larger and more interesting to France generally than the little diplomatic victories on which M. Guizot sets such great store.

The volume contains the history of the arrival in Paris of the remains of Napoleon. M. Guizot owns that he then thought that there was no possibility of the revival of the Empire; but he is sure, on general principles, that any mistake of his must somehow be right. "I do not regret our mistake," he writes, and then continues in the mystical Anglo-French style in which the volume is written—"It did not create the events which have revealed it." If the Monarchy of July had shown itself afraid of fostering Imperialism, "it would have lost the glory of the liberty it respected, and of the generosity it displayed towards its enemies—a glory which attaches to it after its reverses, and is also a power that death cannot assail." M. Guizot sets out one

\* *Memoirs of a Minister of State, from the Year 1840.* By F. Guizot. London: Bentley, 1864.



of his beautiful letters written at the time, in which he tells a friend that "our revolutionary squalls are factitious and transient. They would sweep all before them were they not resisted; but, when opposed, they stop like those huge fires of straw kindled by children in the streets, but to which no one brings solid aliment." M. Guizot acknowledges that his "first impulse on repusing this letter was to smile mournfully at his confidence," and he consoles himself for his shortsightedness by observing, in the usual vein of his philosophical grandiloquence, that "the soul and the life of nations have infinite depths into which day cannot penetrate, except by unforeseen explosions." M. Guizot is more modest in his prophecies now; but he allows his opinion on some important points to be seen, and on no point of French politics can his opinion be wholly without weight. For example, he sets out at great length the reasons which might have induced him to take Madagascar and use it as a French colony, and also the reasons which induced him to reject the project. It is impossible not to see in his statement an argument designed to express his views on the Mexican expedition. "Nothing is more injurious," he tells us, "to the power of nations than the miscarriage of great enterprises, and it is amongst the misfortunes of France to have more than once signally failed in such attempts, in Asia and America, in India, Louisiana, and Canada, and to have abandoned her conquests to the hands of her rivals." M. Guizot ought to have credit for having steadily acted up to his conviction whilst he was in office; and undoubtedly France owes it more to him than to any other man, except perhaps Louis-Philippe, that she did not waste her strength in attempts, either in Europe or elsewhere, which must have tried her strength severely, and prevented the growth of her budding prosperity.

Most of the diplomatic struggles recorded in this volume are of very slight interest now except to professional historians. Often they turned on small points, and although M. Guizot sets out every detail, he fails to make us attach the importance to them with which they were doubtless invested for the moment in the mind of the principal performer in them. One of these diplomatic histories turns upon a certain coolness that sprang up between the Courts of Paris and St. Petersburg. On the 1st of January, 1842, the Russian ambassador, being the oldest ambassador at the Court of Louis-Philippe, ought, according to usage, to have offered his good wishes to the King, in the name of the diplomatic body. But the Emperor Nicholas, to prevent this, ordered his ambassador to come to him at St. Petersburg, so that he might be out of the way at the beginning of the year. It was a rudeness which M. Guizot had a perfect right to resent if he chose, and he did choose. He sent instructions to the French *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg to be ill on St. Nicholas's Day, when the Emperor of Russia celebrated his *fête*. The Emperor could not prevent the French Legation confining itself to its hotel, but he had a means of punishment ready. Three days later the *chargé d'affaires* wrote:—"The French Embassy has been interdicted and placed under a ban in society at St. Petersburg. All doors are closed against us. No Russian will appear here." There was no help for this. Diplomacy cannot make private people include a *chargé d'affaires* in their dinner-parties. So the *chargé d'affaires* and his wife had to spend their evenings at home, and M. Guizot had to put up with this mark of the Emperor's displeasure. There ceased to be a French ambassador at St. Petersburg and a Russian ambassador at Paris. *Chargés d'affaires* represented their respective Courts, and M. Guizot informed Russia that he thought this the best arrangement. But still M. Guizot is true to himself and his own view of his career. Somehow he had achieved a victory. "Instead of enduring in silence an unbecoming attitude, we openly declared our sentiment, and determined the form and measure of relations between the two monarchs. The mutual affairs of both countries suffered nothing; dignity was maintained without any compromise of policy. This was the object I seized the opportunity of pursuing, and which I congratulated myself on having accomplished."

M. Guizot invariably writes in the grand manner, and is philosophical and profound on every possible occasion. Above all, he indulges in that pastime, so popular with philosophical historians of the last generation, which consists in giving rapid analyses of the characters of the chief persons of whom the history treats. When these philosophical analyses refer to living men, it is possible that the subjects of the analysis may not feel quite so calm as the maker. The wretched ex-King of Greece, for example, may have the pleasure of reading the following description of himself, written exactly as if he had been dead and buried a hundred years:—"King Otho, an honest man, attached to what he conceived his duty and his right, was tainted with the maxims of the Bavarian Court, obstinate without vigour, and plunged in continual hesitation and permanent sloth, which paralysed his government and allowed financial disorder and political agitation to increase from day to day in his little State." Sometimes, however, M. Guizot gives his opinion on large questions in the same style, and when he sums up the conclusions of his lifetime, what he says is always valuable. Of Turkey and of the position of the Turks in Europe, for example, he has formed a bad opinion. It is just barely possible, he thinks, that the Mussulmans of Algeria may be brought some day to live contentedly under a Christian rule, but the Christians of Turkey can never get reconciled to living under a Mahometan rule. "The Turks have been nothing in Europe beyond destructive and sterile conquerors, unable to associate themselves with the races that have fallen under their yoke, and equally incapable of being impressed or

transformed by them or their neighbours." At the same time, although the dicta of experienced statesmen are not to be despised, they must not be taken for more than they are worth. They are but the conclusions which men of ability, and supplied with much information in an easy shape, form on this or that of the many subjects which occupy their attention. We should like to know whether M. Guizot ever heard much of that great, patient, apathetic people, the Bulgarians, whose existence has been so long ignored, and who play so important though unnoticed a part in Turkish politics. There is a little too much vagueness, and too strong a disposition to substitute wide reflection for an attention to facts, in many of M. Guizot's remarks. Still, all that he says has a dignity and weight not unworthy of the position he has held in Europe; and even where we find least to admire, we can recognise in him a mind and a character that explain the esteem in which many of the leaders of opinion in Western Europe have so long held him.

#### LIFE OF SIR JOHN ELIOT.\*

THIRTY years ago Mr. Forster published, in his work on the *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, what he tells us was the first attempt at a biography of Sir John Eliot. He has now returned to the subject, and in the present work, which fills two volumes of nearly 700 pages each, has given the world the result of his inquiries into the original sources of information which still exist respecting the life and actions of that great man. Mr. Forster's inquiries are certainly well calculated to give a favourable notion of the way in which history is written in the present day, though the course which he pursues has a strong tendency to lead to general scepticism as to the results of history as it was formerly written. He found at Port Eliot, in the possession of Sir John's descendant, the Earl of St. Germans, a great mass of original letters and papers of various kinds, written by Sir John himself and his friends; and he found at the State Paper Office a great variety of official correspondence, illustrating many passages in Eliot's career, and in particular throwing the fullest light on the management of the persecution which cost him his liberty, and at last his life. These materials do not, of course, change the great landmarks of history. The general outline of its events has, no doubt, been well settled; but they throw an amount of light on the details of celebrated transactions, and on the characters of those who were engaged in them, quite unlike anything which we possessed before. There can be little doubt that a persistence in the mode of writing history which is now adopted by that class of historians who aim at producing really important works will cause a revolution in this department of literature. Certain parts of history these writers will make us know almost as we know the occurrences of our own day from the newspapers, but it must be confessed that they will shake to their foundations the confidence which people used to repose in histories written before the value of original authorities was understood. A writer who cannot be checked by reference to originals is like a witness who cannot be cross-examined; and when we see what is to be learnt from the archives of Simancas, the State Paper Office, and the papers at Port Eliot, about Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and Sir John Eliot, we are not only enabled to test the value of the assertions of Camden and Clarendon, but we begin to have awful suspicions as to what we might learn about Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy, if Rome and Athens could but yield up their departed State papers.

The modern style of writing history has, however, some defects which ought to be carefully watched against by those who cultivate it. It is apt to be prolix and wearisome. When a man has read, at the expense of hours of wearisome labour, an ill-spelt and hideously written letter of the seventeenth century, he is naturally apt to set a considerable value upon it, and he sometimes catches some of the tricks of the style in the study of which he is obliged to pass his time. Mr. Forster has no doubt earned the glory of being the biographer of Sir John Eliot, but his book, it must be owned, demands a patient reader; and it must also be owned that, if all history were written on the same scale, the human mind would sink under the task of trying to read it. One fault of style the biographer has caught, not so much from Sir John Eliot as from the seventeenth century in general. His sentences are apt to be tied up into inextricable knots. An instance must be given. It is the only piece of fault-finding which our article will contain. Eliot was Vice-Admiral of Devonshire, and, wishing to capture a pirate named Nutt, found himself thwarted by pardons granted to Nutt by the King, on condition that Nutt should surrender by a fixed time. Such, however, was Eliot's zeal in pursuing Nutt, that Nutt was prevented by that pursuit from surrendering within the time prescribed by the pardon. This is no doubt an intricate statement. Mr. Forster makes it in these words:—

Copies of more than one pardon (of which the effect would have been to leave him unmolested in possession of his plunder) had reached the hands of Eliot at the very moment when that resolute Vice-Admiral had been pressing him so hard that, while the pardon alone prevented his capture, his pursuer had yet so pressed him to flight that he was beyond its reach within the necessary limit of time specified.

What with changing Eliot into "that resolute Vice-Admiral" and "his pursuer," what with the wilderness of "hims" and

\* *Sir John Eliot. A Biography, 1590-1632.* By John Forster. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

"he's," and the awkward "its," which lies in wait at the close of the statement, readers will be fortunate who get any clear notion from these lines in less than four or five perusals. The blemish, however, is a slight one, and is altogether forgotten in the inherent merits of the book. It has great minor merits. It has an excellent index and table of contents, and nothing can exceed the minute, business-like industry with which every detail has been studied, and with which every point as to dates and authorities capable of illustrating the text has been placed in the clearest light.

Eliot was born April 20, 1590, at Port Eliot, in Cornwall. He was of an ancient Devonshire family settled in Cornwall. He was educated at Oxford, travelled for a short time on the Continent in company with George Villiers (afterwards his great opponent), and, on his return, married and went into Parliament. He sat first in the Parliament of 1614. He took no prominent part in its proceedings, though he had the opportunity of obtaining some important experience in witnessing the resistance offered to what was then known as "undertaking." During the next five years (1614-19) Eliot lived in and near London. He witnessed Raleigh's execution, and apparently followed with interest the proceedings connected with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and Lord Somerset's divorce. He entered upon public life in 1618 or 1619, when he was knighted, and appointed by his old travelling companion Buckingham (then Lord-Admiral) to be Vice-Admiral for Devon. The history of his discharge of the duties of this office, though not amongst the most conspicuous incidents of Eliot's life, is one of the most curious matters in Mr. Forster's book. It shows in minute and life-like detail the character of the administrative government in the seventeenth century. In those days the British Channel was as insecure as Hounslow Heath. It was full of pirates, both native and foreign. The Turks, in particular, used constantly to pillage the shipping, and not unfrequently to land at particular points on the coast, plunder villages, and carry off the inhabitants into slavery. The Vice-Admiral's duty was to keep the peace of the seas within his jurisdiction, and not only to take pirates, but to sit as a judge upon them and upon other matters connected with Admiralty jurisdiction—questions of prize, wreck, salvage, and the like. He acted, however, at his peril, and was subject to actions if he made a mistake. The most remarkable of Eliot's performances in his office was the apprehension of Captain Nutt in Torbay. The story is too long and intricate to be even abridged here, yet it throws a strong light on what was meant in those days by official corruption and bad administration. Nutt was as great a ruffian as could well be imagined. He had been for a length of time the terror of the West of England, but by bribes he had always contrived to purchase protection and pardons; and when by many devices Eliot captured him and his ship, Nutt escaped by Court favour, and Eliot was thrown into the Marshalsea on a variety of charges which the pirate and his protectors contrived to trump up against him. For nine years after this escape Nutt continued to infest the Irish and Western seas, and it is some consolation to know that, on one occasion, he captured the whole of Lord Wentworth's equipage on its passage to Ireland.

In 1620, Eliot was set free from his first imprisonment, and he was returned as a member of the Parliament which met in that year, and protested against the Spanish marriage projected for Charles I. In that as well as in the subsequent Parliament of 1623, he witnessed, and no doubt shared in, the strong feeling expressed by the House against the marriage. He appears to have made his first speech on the 27th of February, 1623. The last Parliament had closed with a protest by the Commons on behalf of their privilege, which was afterwards torn from the journals by the order of the King himself, and the Speech from the Throne had called upon the Commons "not to be jealous" of the King, or "needlessly exacting on points of privilege." Eliot's speech consisted of a powerful vindication of the privilege of Parliament, especially on the ground of its advantage to the King as well as to the people. He also distinguished himself by attacks on monopolies. After the dissolution of this Parliament in 1624, he passed about a year in the country, occupied principally with his duties as Vice-Admiral. Interesting details are given by Mr. Forster upon this subject, the most curious of which relate to the trial at Plymouth of twenty-five pirates, most of whom were native Turks, and some renegades. Of these no less than twenty were hanged. The terrible nature of the evil which piracy, as it then was, inflicted on the country at large may be gathered from the fact that "pirating had become so much more profitable than honest trading that several Englishmen actually went into the business, turned Turkish and renegade, and lived at Tunis." . . . "The Corsairs frequently disembarked, pillaged the villages, and carried into slavery the inhabitants to the number of several thousands."

The first Parliament of Charles I. met in 1625, the second in 1626, and the third in 1628. Eliot was in each of them what we should now call the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Forster's life of him is thus a Parliamentary history of the years in question. They comprised the great attack made upon Buckingham by the first Parliament, its adjournment by the King to Oxford, and its dissolution on account of the King's displeasure at its interference with his affairs, and especially with his favourite Buckingham. The second Parliament was assembled soon after the dissolution of the first, and not only renewed the inquiries which had led to that measure, but impeached Buckingham. On

account of the vehemence with which he spoke on this occasion Eliot was sent to the Tower, and he was delivered only by the steady refusal of the House to transact any other business till he was set at liberty. The second Parliament was dissolved in order to get rid of the impeachment, and in the interval between that and the third Parliament an attempt was made to raise money by forced loans in order to carry on the miserable expedition against the Isle of Rhé. Eliot was imprisoned for refusing to pay. The third was the memorable Parliament which, after infinite struggles, extorted from the King the Petition of Right; and during its existence Buckingham was assassinated on August 23, 1628. The protests against forced loans, the toleration of Papists, and the illegal levy of tonnage and poundage are well known; and the famous scene of March 3, 1629—when the Speaker was held down in his chair by Holles and Valentine, and the House, on Eliot's motion, passed resolutions declaring all persons enemies to their country who should take part in the illegal proceedings of the Court—is well known as forming one of the few scenes in the history of English Parliaments which can be called picturesque. It was for his part in this memorable transaction that Eliot was committed to prison and cruelly confined there till his death. The general outline of these facts is well known to the most ordinary students of English history, and we mention them here only by way of an enumeration of the topics to which Mr. Forster's book relates. The interest of the work lies in the details, and to these no summary can do anything like justice. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few observations upon the principal topics which the book suggests.

Mr. Forster's researches have certainly brought nothing to light which would dispose his readers to reverse, or even to reconsider, the verdict which most historians have passed upon the early part of Charles I.'s reign. If, however, there still remain any appreciable number of persons who doubt that he and his base advisers entertained a deliberate design to destroy the Constitution and to erect a despotism upon its ruins, or if any one doubts that Charles was as deceitful as he wished to be tyrannical, Mr. Forster's book will supply abundant evidence to remove such doubts. Its interest lies, not in the novelty of the conclusions, but in the vivid and specific character of the evidence given. We are enabled to read the history, written by their own hands, of the wretched tools who tried to carry out Buckingham's designs. There is, in particular, an account of the proceedings of a man of the name of Bagge, and of his associate, Lord Mohun, who was Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, which shows with minute detail what corruption meant in those days, and what wretched acts of petty oppression upon individuals could be perpetrated with impunity by a favourite who was screened by the Royal power. No book can give a clearer notion of the real meaning of the generalities about "grievances," "favourites," and the like, which occur so frequently in ordinary standard books. If any one wishes to associate specific facts with these and other such generalities, he has only got to read the case of the *S. Peter* of Newhaven, seized by Bagge, acting under the Duke of Buckingham, or Eliot's report on the administration of the Stannaries under Mohun. If the object is to know what particular acts of cruelty, deceit, or lawless tyranny were committed by Charles I., the information may be found in Mr. Forster's minute account of the mean pettifoggery by which Eliot and his associates were kept in prison, not by a distinct and open defiance of the law (though that came in due time) but by petty quibbles like a low attorney's sharp practice, and in the monstrous means taken to induce the judges to violate their oaths and pervert the law by implied threats.

In the same way, the true character of those great men to whom our Constitution owes its present form is delineated with extreme vivacity in these volumes. They contain reports from Eliot's own notes, not only of his own speeches, but of many of those which were made by other leading members of Parliament. They are wonderful performances, taken as a whole, and are especially welcome because they give, not only a full view of the political doctrines maintained by Eliot and his associates, but also because they set in the clearest light the character of the men who made them. There are speeches by Philips, by Wentworth, by Selden, and by Sir John Cooke, who appears to have represented the King, and by Sir Edward Coke, all reported so as to preserve the characteristics of the speaker. Sir Edward Coke's are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. He seems in extreme old age to have grown not only kinder and infinitely less coarse than he was during the early part of his career, but also far more honest and less selfish. Eliot's own speeches are, of course, the most fully reported, and are naturally the object of Mr. Forster's special admiration. They certainly deserve it, for they are full of life and power, and as bold and magnanimous as it is possible for speeches to be. They, or some of them, were compared by Hazlitt to Cobbett's. There is something in the directness and vigour which makes the comparison intelligible as far as respects the logic and arrangement, but the style is altogether different. The language is that of the seventeenth century, polished, Latinized, and full of classical quotations. One of the most telling points that Eliot ever made was an elaborate comparison of Buckingham to Sejanus as described by Tacitus.

Upon the whole, Mr. Forster's book affords conclusive proof that the level, not only of ability but of learning, in the House of Commons, in the early Parliaments of Charles I., was wonderfully high



Nothing in the whole work is more remarkable than the extraordinary knowledge of English history which the public men of that day appear to have had, and the enthusiasm which they showed for what they maintained to be the constitutional rights of Englishmen. In almost every debate which Mr. Forster reports, the greater part of the time seems to have been passed in quoting historical precedents. The dread of being considered innovators appears to have been always before their eyes. They never attack any abuse on the ground of its injustice or of the consequences which it may produce. An appeal is always made to some matter decided in the time of the Edwards or Henries. A curious proof of the degree to which the party who opposed the King considered themselves as conservatives, and the monarchical party as innovators, is furnished by a comparison between Eliot's petition to the King, when he was imprisoned for refusing to pay a forced loan, and Bagge's answer to the petition. Eliot appealed to Magna Charta, to which Bagge, whose one object in life seems to have been to curry favour with the Duke of Buckingham and the King, replies by vilifying Magna Charta:—

King John . . . being environed with a rebellious army in the meadows of Staines, he was forced by a strong hand to grant the Magna Charta de Foresta. . . Nor yet was the Magna Charta thus extorted a law till the fifty-second year of Henry III., neither was it then so freely enacted by the royal assent (which is the form and life of a law) as wrung out by the long bloody and civil wars of those never-to-be-honoured barons.

He says elsewhere of Magna Charta, "which though Eliot so magnifies, yet we shall find it abortive in the birth and growth." When this was the tone of a skilful flatterer, it is easy to infer what must have been the feelings of the objects of his flattery.

It is a question of great curiosity where and how such men as Eliot, Hampden, Selden, and others got their astonishing knowledge of history and law, and how their natures came to be cast in so noble a mould. The beauty and purity of their characters gives us some opportunity of marking the direction and estimating the value of the impulse which the Reformation had given to those who received its impressions most deeply. Bigots, liars, jobbers, and tyrants gravitated naturally towards the party which would have been Popish if it had dared. The leading men on the other side were amongst the noblest and purest characters in history, and if they had been able to carry their just demands without being forced to a civil war, it is highly probable that the fanaticism which animated the ignorant members of their party, and of which we still feel the effects, would never have broken bounds.

The whole of Mr. Forster's work is full of illustrations of the nobleness of Eliot's personal character. Wherever he was—whether in Parliament or in prison, whether he is in correspondence with Hampden or with his sons at Oxford and Paris—he is always the same, wonderfully courteous and dignified, full of affection, and utterly inaccessible to fear. During the last few weeks before his death, when his physicians told him that his life depended on air and exercise, he might have been released if he would have apologized for his conduct. He refused to do so, and wrote a letter simply requesting a change for his health's sake. That which would now be conceded as of course to a condemned felon was denied to Eliot by the King, who, after persecuting him to death, refused to allow his son to bury him. The dignity of the prisoner affords a wonderful contrast to the mean cruelty of the King.

It would be impossible to enumerate the whole, or even any considerable part, of the matters of interest which these volumes contain, but we must not omit to refer to the detailed illustrations which they supply of the baseness which was then to be found amongst lawyers of all orders. Not only were the Judges over-awed by the Crown, but the counsel were afraid to do their duty to their clients. When Eliot tried to get bailed under the Petition of Right, his counsel could not find time, amongst their other engagements, to argue one of the greatest cases that ever came before an English Court of Law; and the Judges by whom the question was to be decided were privately examined and cross-examined by the King to such an extent that he seems to have preferred the Court of King's Bench to the Star Chamber, as being, on the whole, the more pliant instrument of the two. So far as any general inference can be drawn from a book so varied and full of detail, it would perhaps not be far from the truth to say that this Life of Sir John Eliot increases our estimate, not only of the importance of the services rendered by the authors of Parliamentary Government, but also of the difficulties with which they had to contend. Mr. Forster enables his readers to understand, as the matter has never before been understood, both the magnitude of the danger and the heroism of those who encountered and overcame it. For this, as well as for the extraordinary labour which he has bestowed on a great subject, he deserves the cordial thanks of every one who shares in what he well calls "the regulated liberty enjoyed in England."

#### DWELLERS ON THE THRESHOLD.\*

"IT is dangerous for a man to be wiser than his contemporaries; in the fifteenth century he was burnt, in the nineteenth he is ridiculed." So says Mr. Adams, and he courts the latter species

\* *Dwellers on the Threshold; or, Magic and Magicians. With some Illustrations of Human Error and Imposture.* By W. H. Davenport Adams, Author of "Scenes from the Drama of European History," "Famous Beauties and Historic Women," &c. &c. London: Maxwell & Co. 1864.

of danger with an evident notion that he has a sort of right to it. Unfortunately, people whose education does not happen to have included some initiation in the elements of logic do not seem to be aware that universal affirmative propositions are not simply convertible; or, in words more adapted to this gentleman's understanding, that, supposing it were true (which it is not) that men who are in advance of their age get ridiculed now-a-days, it by no means follows that a man is in advance of his age because he gets ridiculed. In this too liberal generation, people often secure the reward without doing the work, and a man may succeed in making himself exceedingly ridiculous without being by any means wiser than his neighbours. Many people, in fact, attain the object by an entirely different process. Puffy shallowness, pert incapacity, extravagant self-conceit, are any of them enough to secure a full share of passing ridicule, and Mr. Adams may be on the high road to attain the object of his ambition without being at all the superior person that he imagines the distinction to imply.

Where Mr. Adams was born and brought up we have not the faintest notion, except what we gather from his book. From the use of a trade technicality once or twice in his pages, we imagine that his earlier days must have been spent in some department of the bookselling business. At this period he probably became inoculated with the idea of literary distinction. Some boys at a book-stall take naturally to Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, and imbibe inspirations destined in due time to exhale in the police courts; others as naturally take to "Self-help," and in due season develop into penny-a-liners, "London Correspondents" of cheap provincial papers, and purveyors of penny literature in general. Meanwhile, the self-helper is educating himself with the aid of lectures and Mechanics' Institutes; gets up a little French, and buys a Smart's Horace and a Latin dictionary; becomes (it is just possible) a diligent attendant in the Reading-room of the British Museum; and takes to writing the "padding" of inferior magazines, eventually to flourish as a book-maker on any subject that may turn up for the moment, and hold out the prospect of a possible hit. He is equally at home in every department of literature, has an unlimited appetite for cram, and is ready to undertake anything at a week's notice. If the papers are full of a famous woman, from Madame Laffarge upwards, he has "Famous Beauties and Historic Women" all ready in a pigeon-hole of his desk. If a half-pay officer comes into court as Zadkiel, or a Bishop is hoaxed with a glass ball, or a Sible-Heddingham wizard-hunt attracts the popular gaze, he has "Magic and Magicians" in another. The "drama of European history"—poor *corpus vile*—is always at everybody's mercy, and can be "scened" and sketched at will; until at length the bookseller's errand-boy blossoms out into the catch-penny bookmaker, and perhaps in time arrives at the top of his profession, and is able, like Mr. Adams, to survey things in general from the academic groves of Denmark Hill. There is a reverse, to be sure, to all this pleasant rise and progress; but self-love may be pardoned if it hides the ugly side of the question from the unconscious victim of the process; and the good man may indite a couple of volumes of compassionate biography about the "dwellers on the threshold" of the *adytum* in which he reigns to his own complete satisfaction, without ever becoming aware that he is furnishing "some illustrations of human error and imposture" entirely at his own expense.

Whether this is a description of Mr. Adams's literary growth or not, as we said before, we have no notion. We only know that the book before us is just what the production of such a writer would be. Here we have a gentleman who sets before us the whole history of one of the deepest subjects that can well occupy the mind of man—the supernatural element of human life—apparently without the slightest consciousness that it is anything more than something that anybody may write a book about, one person almost as well as another. He tells us, rather loftily, that "it is hardly necessary to say that I have consulted a host of authorities—authorities little known to the general reader—but especial reference is due to the labours of Naudé, Lenglet du Fresnoy, Deumier, Garinet, Salverte, Sprengel, Ennemoser, Mr. Morley, Alfred Maury, and Emile Charles." He warns us, in short, how little we know about the matter, and bids us open our mouths, shut our eyes, and see what Mr. Adams will send us. Then we are led, at a hand-gallop, in thirty-six pages, through the magical lore of the Chaldeans, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, Greece, Rome, the Primitive Christians, and Mediæval Europe; and afterwards through a series of what appear to be old "articles" on Alchemy, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, &c. The writing is of the most off-hand sort; the references are given in a lump to Salverte, Maury, Ennemoser, &c. &c., with sublime contempt of chapter and verse, volume and page—"are they not written in the British Museum?"—and we are bidden to listen and be thankful.

Now, we regret to say, we have neither time to consult all these authorities, nor, probably, capacity to condense such a multiplicity of histories into six-and-thirty pages. We must take our compiler as people in Mark Lane take corn—on sample. Some of his references we do know a little about, and here, unfortunately, he does not shine. When

Montes parturiunt et nascitur ridiculus mus

is gravely given us as a line in Horace; and

Que sidera excantata voce  
Thessala, lunamque celo deripit

is quoted from "Hor. Epist., v. 45" (a part of Horace's writings which unluckily does not exist; the words, with a little more

attention to the laws of metre, occurring *de facto* in the Epodes; and when some of Herodotus's Oracles are translated into hexameters which will startle Mr. Matthew Arnold if he ever sees them—*καταπίνω*, e.g. doing duty for "the feet of" a tortoise—we get an uncomfortable misgiving as to the solidity of the ground we stand on when we come to Ennemoser and Co., and we are reminded of a witty sentence of Archbishop Trench:—"It is easier to say you know Chinese than to say you know French; i.e. people will not find you out so soon." The writer might perhaps have gone on through his couple of volumes without suspicion, if he had not foolishly adventured into Greek and Latin. Most unfortunately, also, he allows himself to be seduced into derivations. Nothing is safer ground than philology to a sober scholar; nothing more dangerous for a sciolist; and yet Mr. Adams goes into it with a recklessness that makes anybody of ordinary education hold his breath. The meaning of Babel, for instance, is tolerably clear to any one who possesses a Hebrew lexicon. Not a bit of it; it is Bab-bel, "the palace of the star of Good Fortune." As no authority is given, we presume the derivation is original; and we venture to suggest for a second edition, now that the difficulty of the intercalated *b* is so easily settled, that Bab-ble would be quite as scholar-like, with the advantage of expressing much more definitely the phenomenon with which the tower of Babel is familiarly associated. We are prepared, after this, to be instructed that Devils are the Devs, the satellites of Ahri-man, and to forget all about *δαιμόνες*; and to find chemistry derived in one place from *χημία*, in another from "Chem, the black land, Egypt." This last is quoted from an article in the *Westminster Review*; but the article is quoted with a sort of affection which one cannot help suspecting to be paternal. In the derivation of Sibyl he is a little more fortunate. He has apparently consulted Liddell and Scott; and, finding there the words "old deriv., *δαίς βουλή*, Dor. *δαίς βόλλα*," he has done nothing worse than parody the sentence thus:—"The word is compounded of *δαίς*, God (*Æolian* for *δαίς*), and *βουλή*, the counsel; wherefore it means the will or counsel of God"—cases, accents, and dialects being probably regarded as little peculiarities beneath the notice of a philosopher. After this, lively eccentricities like *κεραφόρρος*, *μελανόστολος*, Pisi-strates, Onomacritus, the Mozaration offices, the Latran Councils, &c., cease to surprise one; and it becomes possible to see how he arrived at the wonderful conclusion that laudanum is "so called from *laudandum*, on account of its praiseworthy qualities." A note of admiration would probably be the ordinary commentary on this astounding experiment upon the patience of an average reader; but it would hardly be a fair one. The good man evidently hunted up his lexicon, and, not finding *λαύδανον*—*λήδανον*, or *λάδανον*, did not, of course, occur to him—he betook himself to his dictionary, and *laudandum* suggested the notion of a smart scholarlike emendation of a popular misnomer. We are to bear in mind throughout that we are dealing with a scholar, though perhaps he dissembles his erudition with a little too much charity for the weakness of his readers. He speaks with admiring regret of "the reputation of a scholar, a reputation which was of greater advantage in the fifteenth than it is in the nineteenth century;" and we are probably guilty of considerable profanity in our stupid adhesion to such carnal elements as grammars and dictionaries.

We do not think it wise for a person who professes to lead us through the results of his researches among a number of "authorities little known to the general reader" to try the faith of the latter so severely in matters in which he can so readily test the value of his guide as he can in common Greek and Latin. Nor is it entirely prudent to translate "*Angelo bianco, angelo santo, per la tua santità e per la mia verginità mostrami che ha tolta tal cosa*," into "Angel white, angel holy, by thy sanctity and thy virginity (it is a new idea, by the way, that the "angels without feminine" consider this quality aught remarkable), show us this thing." Also, to descend from the too manifestly unknown tongues to plain English, it is scarcely wise to write such sentences as "He promised delights to whomsoever should paint," and the like. We all remember the fable of the cat turned princess—how all went excellently until the mouse was heard behind the hangings, and the rest of it; and most of us have been amusingly reminded of it when the "self-help" sort of man turns author. As doers, the Stephensons and Watts have impressed their great likeness on a generation; but they were, for the most part, wise enough not to commit themselves to literature. Once let the book-seller's boy meddle with authorship, and there is the mouse behind the curtains luring him from his temporary principality at once—the penny-a-liner peeps out at every corner.

We should not have compelled our readers to be so long "dwellers on the threshold" of the book if there had been anything better inside it. We expected from two vols. 8vo, with the flourish of trumpets in its preface, something like a real account of Magic and Magicians. It is disappointing to get only the threadbare accounts of Friar Bacon, Faustus, Doctor Dee, and the rest, that we bought in twopenny pamphlets when we were little boys at school. Two passages, rising almost into eloquence, we had marked for extraction; but, on re-perusal, the one turns out to be a quotation from Mr. Trollope's book on Brittany, and the other has been much better said by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, whom our author abstains from quoting. There is, in truth, so little said in these volumes that it is worth remembering, that we fear we should not have reviewed them at all had not the author been so entirely a representative man after his fashion. He is by no means an unfavourable specimen of the average book-maker. He has read

a good deal, in his way, but digested little or nothing; and brings it up again in a queer unwholesome way that suggests ugly notions of the trash that there must be in the mind of a man who combines the proverbial credulity of self-satisfaction with the pertness of a penny-paper writer. But the book is not much worse than its kindred. To expect from its pages anything like either the amusement or the wisdom of Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, or Sir D. Brewster's *Natural Magic*, is simply to expect silk purses out of sows' ears; but it is the sort of thing that goes down with the half-educated reader of whatever the circulating library puts before him. Scraps of Latin, Greek words here and there, a touch of Italian, and a pile of references to French authors are more than enough to satisfy his aspirations after the classical; and a good many people may talk learnedly enough at suburban dinner-tables on the strength of Mr. Adams's researches into the unknown. When the report of the Public Schools' Commission has worked its will, and little boys are consulted as to the subjects in which they prefer to be educated, we may even fancy Mr. Adams on the necromantic ages supplanting his namesake's almost equally apocryphal Roman Antiquities, and a very sufficient number of them electing to be examined in "Magic and Magicians." But it is hardly agreeable to have the alchemy that was of old reputed to turn everything into gold travestied by the modern chiromancy that turns everything into brass. For one small scintillation of modesty, by the way, we have to thank our author—he dismisses St. Thomas Aquinas with rather less than a page.

#### RAMBLES IN THE DESERTS OF SYRIA.\*

UNDER the provisions of the Hatti-Humayoun issued at Constantinople in February 1856, an ideal future of progress and prosperity was to be introduced throughout the Turkish Empire. All religious or class inequalities or disabilities were summarily abolished; all rights were rendered inviolable; all abuses in the administration of justice, the collection of taxes, and the maintenance of public security were radically reformed. Encouragement was to be given to foreign and internal trade, to agriculture, to immigration, and the introduction of foreign capital. Public works, roads, and canals were to run alongside of revised salaries, balanced budgets, reformed provincial councils, and representative institutions. The basis of a new era of happiness upon the most unobjectionable European principles was proclaimed for all the Sultan's subjects, and the Grand Vizier of the day was charged with the full and punctual execution of the benevolent Imperial firman.

Mr. Senior, touring and journalizing about the *salons* of the Bosphorus and the coasts of Asia Minor some two years after the date of this great paper constitution, collected and published a valuable and curious volume of individual criticisms or commentaries upon its practical and probable results. European bystanders of every nation—consuls, attachés, educated Greeks and Turks—all deliver, in Mr. Senior's pages, their opinions and prophecies, varying right round the compass. The main points upon which his interlocutors are all unfortunately unanimous are the decline of the Empire in wealth and population, the corruption of its officials, and the mischief done by foreign interference. What is to be the end of it all, what can be done to influence and modify that end, what sort of nostrums are most applicable to the sick man's disease, are the questions which bring out, by the variety of their answers, the national characters and prejudices of the different initials which represent the persons from whom Mr. Senior gained his information. The volume before us, in its record of rambles in Syria from 1858 to 1862, gives the experience of a later commentator upon the same topic—experience gained by long residence in a distant but important and almost typical Asiatic province of the Empire, and therefore usefully supplementing the reports gathered by Mr. Senior in the more Europeanized capital and centre of what is called Turkish administration. Even if the author had not stated in so many words that he had undergone a long apprenticeship upon the Turkish question in the capital itself, it is obvious on the face of the work that he is thoroughly familiar with the details of Oriental politics and the habits of Oriental life, and is capable of taking and maintaining a sensible and enlarged view of the great problem which is gradually and inevitably working towards a solution in the Ottoman Empire. The whole question is necessarily of so much interest to England, in regard to her future policy as well as her past historical associations, that any addition, however small, of real information upon the subject of Turkey ought to be read without grudging, and recognized with thanks.

The writer appears to have spent a great proportion of his time in Syria among the various tribes of Bedaween Arabs that range over the northern and western edges of the desert. With several among these tribes of the Sultan's wandering and independent subjects he seems to have been upon intimate and familiar terms. Perhaps the most interesting piece of narrative in the volume is that referring to the progress of an experiment in which the writer took a prominent personal share—the persuading some of the nomad Arab tribes to settle and cultivate the ground. Nothing could give a better idea of the influence which a single mind, in the integrity of which they trust, may exercise over these wild peoples, or of the difficulties which the crooked plots of a single robber in local authority may place in the way of carrying into practice the honest and well-intentioned projects

\* *Rambles in the Deserts of Syria.* London: John Murray. 1864.



of a Government too distant to watch or to punish regularly. The attempt to reclaim the idle sons of Ishmael from their ancestral life of free ranging and plunder, to change the pastures of the Syrian plains into corn-land, and push forward into the desert a cordon of civilized villages and military posts, is a type of the difficult and doubtful struggle between death and life, between recognized lawful or lawless rapine and the rules of modern interests and modern morality, which the whole Turkish Empire is destined to undergo.

The whole number of Bedaween Arabs is estimated at four millions. One great tribe of them, the Shammar, confine their wanderings chiefly to Mesopotamia. Another main branch, the Anezi, who are subdivided into at least twenty tribes, range almost everywhere, where Bedaween are found at all, between the right bank of the Euphrates, Palestine, and Central Arabia. Five or six distinct minor tribes—such as the Weldi, the Mcwali, Lenep, Ferdoon, and Hadideen—border on the Anezi, on the western edge of the Syrian desert; and it is chiefly upon these that the experiment of settlement has been made, with some slight chances of success. In 1858, the writer of these Rambles persuaded the Sheikh of the Weldi, Mohammed-al-Ganim, to ask the Government for an allotment of ground for cultivation, which was given them near the old city of Chalcis. In the next year, he visited the settlement they had made, and found a large tract of land sown, and a fine crop of barley growing. A body of irregular troops (of the Hanadi or African Bedaween, who since the time of Ibrahim Pasha have been professedly employed in the maintenance of order among the Syrian tribes of the desert) was stationed hard by, to protect the crops. Suddenly a large division of the Anezi tribe appeared on the ground, and began to depasture the green barley by turning in their mares. The Englishman knew the Anezi Sheikh, and soon learnt that he had made this foray at the cost of "the fools who had settled" by the actual invitation of the leader of the Hanadi, who in his eyes represented the Government of the Sultan. When told that he would probably find out his mistake on his next application for the yearly permission to trade, since the Government had encouraged the Weldi to settle by a remission of two years' tithe, the Anezi Sheikh opened his eyes with astonishment, whistled a long low note, said he himself was the fool, hoped his English friend might live for ever, swore to make compensation for all damage done, and to protect the Weldi in future, and cantered back to the Euphrates. For once, the presence of the Englishman had undone the roguery of the leader of the irregular troops who kept the police of the desert on the principle *divide et impera*, setting one tribe to commit aggressions on another, lest, by the peaceful settlement of the country, he should find his own occupation gone. A year later, while riding with another branch of the Anezi in search of some of the Christian women said to have been carried off to the desert from the massacre of Damascus, the writer found himself involuntarily concerned in the plunder of a Weldi caravan:—

I began to feel rather queer at finding myself thus on the less respectable side of the question—a companion, not a victim, of robbers. Reja (the Erfuddi Sheikh's son) was near me, and I heard him ask what the camels were laden with. It was wheat sent by Mehemed-al-Ganim to the Aleppo market. I immediately claimed the privilege of desert brotherhood. Mehemed-al-Ganim was my brother, Safer (the Erfuddi Sheikh) had become my brother; the Erfuddi could not therefore keep the caravan. The Weldi camel-drivers crowded round me, confirming what I had said, and imploring me to liberate them. Reja, with great dignity of manner, said his tribe had come from near Bagdad to fight for the Anezi against the Shammar, and knew nothing of this part of the country; but that if I would give him my oath that Mehemed-al-Ganim was my brother, the caravan should go free, and the more readily for none of us having been hit by the fire of the Weldi. I pronounced the requisite formula, and the happy settlers turned back with their fifty camels and hundred sacks of grain; no dissatisfaction being evinced by the Anezi at this unexpected result, so great is their respect for desert law.

It is satisfactory to learn that there is so much honour among Bedaween thieves; but a mutual English friend cannot always be everywhere, and it may be feared that habits so long bred in the bone will not be soon brought out of the flesh. The Weldi farmers may probably still have a good deal of persecution to undergo. Another quiet pastoral tribe, the Hadideen, have lately secured independence from the bullying of their larger neighbours by secretly laying in a store of firearms for their own protection. By degrees it may be recognized in the Syrian deserts that the advantages of commerce are at once the main instrument and the main object of most civilization.

The writer of these Rambles thinks that the inherent religious difficulties of the Turkish Empire have been exaggerated. The hardest problem in his eyes is, not the reconciliation of sects professing opposite creeds, but the amalgamation of classes which are separated, not by a line, but a gulf. Mussulmans and Christians in Turkey are opposed to each other less by religious than social distinctions, as a landholding aristocracy and a class of mere peasants and tradesmen. There is no middle class in easy circumstances, and no tie of common interest between the labourer and the noble. The antagonism of orders is as great in districts inhabited by Moslems alone as in those where the population is of different creeds. Patriotism (in the European sense) cannot exist where no class has a care beyond the needs of its own sphere. But the real danger and importance of the religious distinctions arise from the fact that they give so easy and powerful a handle for foreign interference. Apart from consular officiousness, there is no difficulty in maintaining the peace between one religious denomination and another. Such is the theory of our author. There can be little doubt that officious foreign interference tends greatly

to irritate Mussulman fanaticism. Yet it is a bold assertion that the injustice of Mussulman fanaticism is not only aggravated, but altogether caused, by the presence of a consular agent to report on it and to encourage resistance to its excesses. In Homs (Emesa) there are, we are told, no foreign agents. The population of the town is twenty thousand, of which one-third are Christians. The tomb of Khalid, the Sword of God, is there, and receives much reverence from the Mahometan inhabitants. Yet the Mussulmans of Homs are not looked upon by the Christians of the place with that dread which is noticed elsewhere. The two classes live in perfect harmony. "The Christians have no officious protectors to make them dissatisfied and insolent by telling them of their rights and prospects; the Mussulmans are not irritated by the arrogant interference of strangers and the constant hostility of the Christians." Lattakia, on the contrary, is "but a diminutive sample of the Syrian provincial town, with its Christians talking of their grievances, its native agents of foreign Powers denouncing Mussulman fanaticism, its Pasha displaying a vast amount of zeal, efficiency, and perseverance in the smoking of his chibouk, and all of them assiduously filling their pockets." We have no doubt the picture is fairly true, but the fact is stated in such a manner as to beg the question it is intended to prove. An Arab sheikh is liberal enough to take the oath of his English brother as proof positive of a fact within his special knowledge; but in the courts of Syria (we read in one of our author's earlier chapters, written in 1858) "the evidence of Christians is not yet received anywhere, notwithstanding all that has been said, written, and proclaimed on the subject." If the Christians of Homs are still content to acquiesce in the strong assertion of their inferiority implied by this denial of their legal rights, such apathy must arise either from ignorance of their rights or from the consciousness that it would be useless to claim them. It may reasonably be argued that it is better for both parties that the grievance should be tolerated till it gradually dies out by the force of circumstances, than that it should be fomented till it generates a daily antagonism; just as it may be better for slavery to die out in the Confederate American States than to be abolished by civil war. But it cannot be denied that the hardship is a real hardship for the race which is treated as the inferior one, whether the distinction arise from colour or creed. If the officious protectors who do so much harm everywhere, except at Homs, could be induced to talk of Christian rights only, and leave the prospects of Christian rayahs alone, they would be within their legitimate sphere of action. What irritates Mussulman fanaticism, and creates the jealousy of conceding in practice the rights which have been granted in words, is the needless and offensive assumption, perpetually forced upon the notice of the Turk, that the day of Christian domination in the East is rising as quickly as his own is setting. It is "the great idea," exclusive and wordy devotion to which has done its best to keep the kingdom of Greece in a state of barbarism till the present day, that now renders the task of the most honest Turkish reformer so difficult and so ungrateful. The truest friends of civilization in the Ottoman Empire are not those who, by perpetual interference, excite a perpetual hope and fear of revolution; not those who assume the incapacity and weakness of the Turkish Government as a perpetual excuse for active intervention in the cause of order; but those who exercise a watchful and firm but moderate pressure upon the Turkish Government to make it do its duty for itself, and who steadily refuse to deal with "the sick man" as if his only remaining portion in life were to make his will and order his coffin in good time.

#### DAY DREAMS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.\*

SINCE the days of Horace, it has constantly been the practice of literary men to muse, cheerfully or regretfully, on the reminiscences of their schooldays; nor need a man be an author to rise to this not extraordinary pitch of sentimentality. The old pupils of every public and private school in the kingdom are linked together by a species of freemasonry unintelligible to any one but themselves; for who but a hoary-headed Etonian would recur with affectionate fondness to his vapoury memories of Dr. Keate? and who but an old pupil of Mr. Creakle's select academy would recall with delight how perfectly miserable he was as a boy? On the other hand, the world has not, up to the present moment, been overburdened with genial reminiscences of the schoolmasters themselves. Whether this fact is to be attributed to long-acquired habits of dignified reticence, or to the circumstance that the line of life in question is not usually a path of roses, there is certainly an undeniable want of autobiographical memoirs of this useful and venerable class, from the days of Dionysius to those of Pestalozzi. The hand which pointed the false quantity or wielded the unerring ferule is rarely that which pens its own account of its experiences. Schoolmasters are, as a rule, too busy while they are at work, and too tired when they are at rest, to have either much time or inclination left them for written excursions on the pleasures and sorrows of pedagogy. In Rome they were slaves; in England and Scotland they are called free men; though in both countries they are almost always overworked, and in the latter, in addition, almost always underpaid. It is, therefore, something novel to meet with a ruler of youth, and one who is still in the midst of his arduous and successful labours, in the pleasant guise of an essayist; and the sense of novelty is heightened when we

\* *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* By D'Arcy W. Thompson. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1864.

find the author absolutely enamoured of his profession, free-spoken about its *arcana*, and openly and (for him) bitterly opposed to many of its dominant principles and practices.

In Mr. D'Arcy Thompson we have, on a previous occasion, recognised an accomplished scholar, and a facile, though not always a vigorous, versifier and translator. His present *parvulus libellulus* is for the most part written in prose, in a very pleasant style, full of harmless little affectations, gentle little jests, and mild little pieces of pathos. The Schoolmaster's Day Dreams are not throughout, like Roger Ascham's book, of the desk, desk; but are made up of reminiscences of Mr. Thompson's own school-life, disclosures as to his own method of teaching, and copious criticisms of contemporary classical and elementary education. Morals are plentifully pointed on almost every page; and the author is almost as sententious as his fellow-townsmen, the popular and perennially-flowing A. K. H. B. Like him, Mr. Thompson takes a great deal of trouble with the titles of his various essays, heading them "Place aux Dames," "On Climbing," "Solar Specks," &c., as a device to induce the reader to look beyond the title in order to understand its meaning. In the same way, he artfully introduces a treatise on the best method of teaching Latin grammar by the playfully alliterative headings "From Penna to Possum," "From Possum to Phædrus," "From Phædrus to Farewell." Altogether he has a pretty little wit of his own, pleasant to the taste and not particularly hot in the mouth; and we are bound to say he makes the most of it. And who would quarrel with a schoolmaster—who everywhere, and particularly in Scotland, finds a little joke go a very long way—for being pleased with his own conceits, which are often amusing, and ever harmless? The following is a specimen, called "A Schoolmaster's Love-letter," and intended in gentle banter of the effete grammatical terms still in vogue:—

*O mea cara, pulchra Mary,  
Quam vellem tecum concordare!  
What bliss with thee, my Noun, to live,  
Agreeing like the Adjective;  
Not—Heaven forbid it!—genere,  
Si caset id possibile;  
But being one, and only so,  
Concordaremus numero;  
And I'd agree with thee, my pet,  
Casu; ay casu quolibet.  
Likewise, as Relative, I'd fain  
A concord personal maintain, &c.*

The essential purpose, however, of this volume is a well-written and well-timed attack upon many undeniable blots in the present system of classical, especially grammatical, instruction, and the suggestion, on the author's own part, of a more intelligent and rational method. It is small blame to Mr. Thompson that he succeeds better in pointing out the defects of his predecessors and contemporaries than in demonstrating his own theory and practice. Teaching is an art which, like other arts, is not easily taught. But the author shows throughout so perfect an appreciation of the difficulties which beset it, and of the spirit in which they ought to be overcome, or at least softened down, that we are quite willing to read between the lines and appreciate his indications of his own system even when we fail entirely to comprehend its feasibility. He makes war upon many flagrant vices and absurdities of the present method of classical instruction—upon the vile grammars, the senseless dictionaries, and the barren oral teaching which are inflicted upon ingenuous youth in too many schools on either side of the Tweed. He says with truth that, instead of smoothing the path to knowledge, the industry of succeeding generations has been principally directed towards heaping up obstacles in it, or at all events rendering it as distasteful as possible to the young traveller:—

At the best of the great public schools the youngest children—bless the innocents!—are suckled upon grammar; the more advanced are too often fed upon dull books, made duller by superfluous annotations; the manuals for prose composition are in many cases tramways to pedantry, exhibiting for imitation the unintentional faults of Thucydides, and the intentional faults of Tacitus; the manuals for Latin versification would seem to have been originally intended to implant in boys a quick perception of the ludicrous. A vile system of *literal translation* of Greek and Latin idioms so corrupts the well of English undefiled, that a boy often loses as much English in his Latin room as he will pick up for the day in his English one. . . . The whole system, and the elementary part most of all, is bookish, unpractical. It is many years—nay, very often it does not happen at all—it is many years, at all events, before a lad suspects that Latin and Greek are instruments of thought precisely similar to his own every-day language.

Who would venture to deny that, even at some of our leading public schools, the method of grammatical teaching is little short of barbarous, and nothing short of cruel; that boys are there bewildered with oceans of rules, each fed by endless streams of exceptions, before they ever dream of applying either; that they are set down before tables groaning with nouns, verbs, and adverbs, without any of these "ever striking them as forms of speech at all," and made to loathe Latin before they have realized that it once was a living language, and is, therefore, not utterly unlike the living languages of the present day? Some of the grammars and exercise-books, for instance, employed at Eton up to this day are as senseless as any of Ollendorff's hasty manuals, and twice as tedious. Some of the dictionaries used there are inferior in every respect to the vocabularies published by enterprising missionaries of languages which are as new to them as the doctrines in whose spread they are designed to aid are to the natives. What master could be expected to work with such tools? Yet even at Eton there are among the staff men of the energy of Robinson Crusoe, who can raise scholars with the help of such hopeless

garden-gear. At the same time, efforts are being made elsewhere to teach grammar on a system at once wider and more inviting. Dr. Kennedy at Shrewsbury, and Mr. Bradley at Marlborough, have by their publications enabled other masters to imitate their success in grammatical teaching; not to mention the more ambitious plan which the late Dr. Donaldson used to follow in his smaller field at Bury, and which the second editions of his grammars more fully developed to the public at large. If we rightly understand Mr. Thompson's own notions on the subject, we must to some extent demur to their practicability. We fully sympathize with his wish to be among the *doctores qui pueris dant crustula blandi, elementa velint ut discere prima*; but we doubt whether the majority of boys would appreciate the sweetness any more than the pill which it envelopes. Mr. Thompson would teach Latin as a living language, basing his method on an assumed previous knowledge of English grammar. This would, of course, necessitate a systematic teaching of English grammar in the first place, which Mr. Thompson thinks could well be demanded from preparatory schools. But the majority of boys never go to preparatory schools at all, nor is it, upon the whole, desirable that they should. On the other hand, it is barely possible to demand from the British mother that she should teach her offspring on any plan but that which comes easiest to herself. Moreover, it is questionable whether the English language is as suitable for a primary basis of elementary grammatical instruction as the Latin. No really living language, and least of all the English, is as immutably fixed in its grammatical and syntactical rules as a dead tongue; and the Latin has been wisely fixed upon, by the consent of ages, as the best adapted to the purpose. It has often been suggested that it would be a better mental training to teach all boys Euclid's Elements than to force upon them the less logically complete and sequent system of grammar; but the supporters of this scheme forget that, though the primary object of learning grammar is not an ability to understand Cornelius Nepos and Eutropius, yet its secondary and scarcely less important end is to serve as a step towards the knowledge of those literatures whose study ranks equally high as a moral and as an intellectual training. Mr. Thompson's suggestions of a new and easy method of teaching remind us of the notable *Kindergarten* scheme, the gist of which consisted in introducing infants to a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, while, regardless of their doom, the little infants were indulging in the gambols appropriate to their tender age. He would attempt to elicit almost from the boys themselves the consciousness that "the chief difference, if not the only difference, between the English and Latin languages is, that English uses loose prefixes very often, and tight affixes very seldom; and that Latin uses tight affixes very often, and loose prefixes as seldom as possible." Merely by way of amusement, he would, at an early stage of the course, conjugate to them the present indicative of *amo*; and thus at first continue till, "under cover of our parallels of English parsing, we should approach gradually and warily the Sebastopol of our Latin grammar"—namely, the declension of *penna*. Without entertaining any superstitious reverence for the time-honoured notion of "grounding" boys, we greatly doubt whether it will not always be necessary to teach one language at least by means of a system of grammar less vague and comparative than the pleasant and imperceptible ascent which Mr. Thompson bids his colleagues follow. We may add that we cordially join in his protest against the disproportionate importance attached to verse-making in English schools, though we should be loth to taboo entirely the most efficacious method which has as yet been devised of imbuing the more capable of learners with the nicer distinctions of ancient poetical taste. But it is an occupation which might, to borrow a Scotch university term, be with advantage, as a rule, restricted to the *Proveciores*, or at all events inflicted upon the *Tirones* with a sparing hand.

We are sorry to find Mr. Thompson's gentle meditations occasionally interrupted by plaintive utterances on the "social" grievances of his own class. In England, he observes, not without truth, though the observation may soon become out of date, that a schoolmaster only acquires his proper standing in society by being a clergyman at the same time. To dilate on the apparent want of connexion between ordination vows and teaching Latin grammar indicates, however, a very one-sided view of the question. Very likely many clerical schoolmasters may have little of the clergyman about them but the white symbol of their order, and a knowledge of the ritual and that of the verbs in use may not appear mutually to corroborate and support one another. But it should be remembered that the English clergy are not a caste; that the academical hood, not the sacerdotal tippet, adorns their surplices; and that they form rather a body of learned and properly-qualified instructors than a more or less well-drilled army of priests. The scholastic element among them, therefore, serves both as the safest representative of the learning of the whole body, and as a useful balance against the illiterate Literates of whom the Bishop of St. David's lately so feelingly complained. For the sake of the clergy themselves, as well as for that of the people, we should regret to see academical and higher school education entirely taken out of their hands. It may strike Mr. Thompson as ludicrous that a head-mastership should be a step on the ladder which leads to Episcopacy; but this system ensures (or used to ensure) Bishops who *can* construe Greek, and who are not the more likely to be dumfounded by a new reading in the New Testament because they used to manufacture such things them-



selves while editing Euripides or Æschylus. On the other hand, we grieve to find Mr. Thompson dissatisfied with the treatment his profession receives even in "Dunedin," which we had hitherto imagined to be the very Eldorado of schoolmasters, a kind of Athens and Brighton rolled into one city. He has, however, such serious grounds for discontent that he humorously vents his bitterness by proposing a general strike of schoolmasters, who shall demand that

A schoolmaster who shall have graduated at an University shall hereafter be addressed, personally or epistolarily, with the courtesy usually shown to a second-rate solicitor or a briefless advocate.

But surely it must be only isolated citizens of Dunedin who forget the reverence which in Scotland is paid by all classes to everything smacking of education, and on which the Scottish people justly pride themselves at least as much as on their other good qualities.

The Schoolmaster's Day Dreams conclude with a brilliant phantasmagoria entitled "Schola in Nubibus," which airily embodies the author's own ideal of a perfect school. We can here only refer to the address put into the mouth of the imaginary Principal, whom we are somewhat surprised to find a clergyman, though his teaching is restricted to prelections on Biblical knowledge and profane history, and "the sacredness of his calling exempts him from the necessity of employing punishment of any kind as a stimulant or preventive." In bidding farewell to his pupils on the wing to the University, he tells them that, had he ten sons, he would under present circumstances send them all to Oxford. "Cambridge can boast of no genial and wise philosopher that can render the study of Greek a study of more than verbal subtlety, like the friend of youth at Balliol." Cambridge not only can, but does, boast a Greek Professor, who is at the same time one of the ripest of living scholars, one of the fullest, clearest, and most complete of the interpreters of Plato, and himself a master of the *σιρραία* which it has so often been his task to illustrate. In Latin scholarship, Cambridge is snubbed without any better grace, "though a parallel to Mr. Arnold in poetry and enthusiasm may be found in a Cambridge Professor of History." The "enthusiasm and poetry" of Mr. Arnold is certainly in so far "parallel" to that with which Mr. Kingsley is hereby supposed to season his boisterous prelections, that it is difficult to imagine an intellectual field in which the pair would meet. The Professor proceeds (though we can only cull a flower here and there):—

Use a dictionary as seldom as possible; a grammar never. . . . I would caution you in particular against the study of German writings on classical subjects. . . . In dress follow fashion at a short distance, so as never to be quite in it, or quite out of it [?] . . . Let there be nothing about you to designate your school, college, university, nationality, or religious denomination. Never mention my name except in answer to a question; and in your festive meetings forget me altogether. An eulogy spoken on such occasions is tedious to the hearer, and no compliment to the subject.

We are, however, quite ready to take all this *cum grano*; and may conclude by venturing to express our conviction that, if their old master was in any respect as genial and accomplished a pedagogue as one of the masters of the "Schola Nova" of "Dunedin," the ideal Principal's ideal scholars will not fail, notwithstanding his warning, frequently to recur, in their festive and other moments, to pleasant reminiscences of him.

#### CURIOSITIES IN BIBLICAL LITERATURE.\*

THE publication of the second volume of this new edition of Dr. Kitto's well-known Cyclopædia enables us to estimate its general tone and merits with sufficient accuracy. The third portion, yet to come, can hardly do much to modify the reader's judgment as to the character of the book, especially as the most important of the articles bearing on the particular questions of the day have now appeared. As at present remodelled, this Cyclopædia may be considered to represent the existing condition of Nonconformist opinion, learning, and taste. There is, in truth, much in it that Nonconformity could not have produced unaided. Not a small portion of the more learned articles is the work of lay and clerical hands of the Church of England, with very considerable additions from such sections of German Protestantism as find favour with British Evangelicalism. Nevertheless, the Nonconformist flavour is sufficiently strong to give a decided character to the whole work, so that it may be accepted as an indication of the views which Dissenters and Presbyterians take of the questions of the time, and of the sort of Biblical learning which they and the Evangelical body generally cherish. To the reader outside this composite community the Cyclopædia has an interest in the biographical notices it contains of various personages held important in the Dissenting world, whose names do not reach him through the ordinary channels of information. It is amusing, indeed, to observe the relative degrees of importance which the Editor and his coadjutors assign to the positions of Biblical writers of different schools, in contrast with the estimation in which they are held in the world without. Thus Gregory the Great has just one-half the space assigned to him that is bestowed on a certain William Greenfield, one of the editors of Bagster's Polyglot Bible, and a literary *employé* of the Bible Society; while the life of one Ebenezer Henderson, a Professor at Highbury College, is treated at the same length as that of St.

Jerome, and at nearly double the length that is vouchsafed to Bishop Horsley. One of these Nonconformist celebrities we find charged by the Editor with an awful crime or vice—to wit, "scommatism"; though as to what constitutes a man a scommatist, or what it is to be scommatic, we must profess ourselves deplorably in the dark. The gentleman in question, one John Fell, was, we further learn, dismissed from his office at Homerton for reading the newspapers on Sunday. Perhaps, therefore, "scommatists" is Nonconformist for Sabbath-breaking, according to the Puritan idea; so that we may all of us be scommatical without knowing it, which is a serious consideration.

Among the best of the articles in the Cyclopædia are those devoted to the more strictly Jewish subjects, and we know of no other quarter to which the inquirer could turn for similar information, though some of these articles are perhaps a trifle overladen with Hebrew philology and unimportant details. Among the more valuable contributions of this kind may be specified that on the *Haphtara*, discussing the course of lessons from the Law and the Prophets read in the Synagogues on the Sabbath; that on the theologico-philosophical system known as the *Kabbalah*; and again, the copious biographical notices of the great Jewish critics and theologians of older and later times, such as the Rabbi Hillel the first, the founder of Biblical hermeneutics, under whose presidency Christ was born, and the mediæval Spanish Jew known in Arabic by the portentous name *Abulhag'ag' Jussuff Ibn Shimun Alsabti Almaghrebi*. The article on the last-named worthy supplies the following as a specimen of information which may be regarded as slightly *de trop* to any but the most intensely Teutonic appetite:—

There are three different modes of explaining the Song of Solomon—first, the literal, which is to be found in the philologists or grammarians, ex. gr. Saadia, Abu Sacharia Jahja ben David el Fasi (CHAZUG), Abulwalid Ibn Ganach of Saragossa (IBN GANACH), the Najid R. Samuel Ha-Levi ben Nagdilah, Abn Ibrahim ben Baran (ISAAC B. JOSEPH), Jehudah ben Balaam (IBN BALAAM), and Moses Ibn Gikatilla Ha-cohen (GIKATELLA).

The topographical papers are generally good and interesting, and the same may be said of those on matters of natural history, though Dr. Royle, one of the best-informed of the writers on the plants in the Bible, seems hardly to have made up his mind as to what is and what is not Biblical literature. His article on "Ivy," for example, is a brief disquisition on the heathen use of the convolvulus, the ivy, and other climbers in Greece, Rome, and India, including a quotation from Ovid, and a short disquisition on the Indian origin and worship of Bacchus, slightly out of place, considering that the ivy is not an Indian plant at all; and ending with the important remark that "the ivy, *Hedera Helix*, being a native of most parts of Europe, is too well known to require special notice."

The papers on the great questions now absorbing the attention of critics and theologians are, with scarcely an exception, poor and unsatisfactory, while some of them are simply models of what the essays in a dictionary ought not to be. Such is the article headed "The Lord's Supper," which is little more than a lengthy piece of mingled controversy and Church history from beginning to end, with the usual profession that controversy is not the purpose of the article. Its writer, Dr. Halley, Principal of a Nonconformist College, gives a sample of his qualifications when he informs us that, according to the Roman dogma, the bread and wine are transubstantiated into the *soul* of our Lord, and that the use of the Latin language is supposed to be necessary to the mysterious change. From this truly original conception it may be surmised that New College, London, is not yet prepared with the Coming Man who is to smite the Papacy with its mortal blow. The only thing that can be said in praise of Dr. Halley's article is that, though polemical, it is neither uncharitable nor bombastic, which is more than can be said for the prolix article on "Isaiah," which professes to decide the vexed question as to the identity of the authorship of the earlier and later portions of the book. Its author, Dr. Hengstenberg, is a German, but in bitterness and self-sufficiency is fully up to the English mark; and his paper reads as if it came from the palace of a Bishop made during the Shaftesbury sway, and was designed for publication by the Religious Tract Society. Whoever may question the "integral genuineness of the prophecies of Isaiah" is assured that he is a "natural man, spell-bound within the limits of nature, and has never felt the influence of the supernatural principle upon his own heart." Consequently he "is incapable of understanding the supernatural in history, and feels a lively interest in setting it aside." Doubtless, the Professor himself has long been dwelling in spirit far above the level of the natural, though it may be questioned whether he has got into a region of light by the change, considering the views he here announces. A prophet, we learn, *quid* prophet, is an "ideal person"—namely, "prophetism personified." Possibly this may account for the difficulty which the Professor admits in proving that Isaiah collected his own prophecies. At the same time, we are assured that "prophetism has an entirely practical and truly ecclesiastical character," and "the predictions of the future by the prophets are always on a general basis"—namely, "the idea of God." "For instance," he says, "if they demonstrate that sin is the perdition of man, that where the carcass is the eagles will be assembled, the most important point in this prediction is not the *How*, but the *WHAT*, which first by them was clearly communicated to the people of God, and of which the lively remembrance is by them kept up. But if the prophets had merely kept to the *THAT*, and had never spoken about the *How*, or if, like Savonarola, they had erroneously described this *How*, they would be unfit effectually to

\* A Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. Originally Edited by John Kitto, D.D. Third Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. Edited by W. L. Alexander, D.D. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

teach the THAT to those people who have not yet acquired an independent idea of God." Are we wrong in imagining that we have here something akin to the prophetic system of that very non-natural luminary which shines perennially in Crown Court, and so liberally enlightens us in respect to the Apocalypse, the *Times* newspaper, the Greek language, and all things in general?

On such questions as the origin and authenticity of the Pentateuch and the inspiration of the Bible, the *Cyclopædia* takes the strictly "orthodox" view, while its writers seem scarcely to understand the real nature of the points in dispute. A more perfect specimen of the fallacy known as begging the question than is supplied by the article on "Inspiration" it has rarely been our lot to meet with. The subject of the "Physics of the Bible" is settled in the following style:—"These utterances are in the mode of a personal consciousness that is older than the material framework of the Creation; they sound like the Creator's recollections of an eternity past!" The biographies of the principal Scripture personages are treated in a different spirit, being in the diluted, declamatory, and sentimental manner which is peculiar to afternoon preachers who delight in "expositions" rather than sermons proper. If any man is curious to know to what vile uses the narratives of the Old Testament can be put by judicious expounders, let him turn to the articles "Isaac," "Jacob," and "Joseph." Their peculiarities culminate, perhaps, in the article on "Isaac"; though, as we are not acquainted with the performance of Fürst, *De blanditis maritalibus*, to which we are referred in a note, we are not in a position to understand all that the author, Mr. Isaac Jennings, implies as to the patriarch's "sporting" with his wife, while we are equally in the dark as to the materials whence the following picture is drawn:—

Isaac was the worthy offspring of the chosen patriarch. He ever displayed imperturbable harmony of soul, unmoved by the greatest and dearest sacrifices; his mind was, by nature, calm and placid, modest and reserved; he was susceptible of that happiness which flows from sentiment; his heart was warm and sensitive; his piety internal and unostentatious; he inclined to reflection and prayer; his affections were strong, without impetuosity; his impressions profound, without exuberance.

But of all these biographical articles the most intolerable is that headed "Jesus Christ," at least so much of it as is due to Dr. Peter Holmes, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and late Master of Plymouth Grammar School. We have here nearly fifty long pages in which the Gospel narratives are blown out into a result which can be compared to nothing but a "coorse," such as that suggested to Vincent by the inimitable buttermilk in *Salem Chapel*; and if any unlucky incumbent of a watering-place proprietary chapel, where Kitto is unknown should be in want of a "coorse" for the edification of the Browns, the Tozers, and the Pidgeons who sit under him, we can assure him that he has nothing to do but take Dr. Peter Holmes's article, cut it up into the requisite lengths, and the "coorse" is ready to his hand. But what ought to be done to a man who describes the events related in the concluding chapters of St. Luke and St. John as "the most interesting process of psychological and moral suasion anywhere on record"? If there is any species of "suasion" more eminently somatological and physical than another that was ever inflicted by the Doctor upon the *corpus vile* of his former pupils, it is the only fitting reward we can think of for the author of this offensive and ridiculous production. It is surprising, indeed, that any man could undertake the editorship of a Biblical Dictionary without understanding that papers of this description are wholly out of place in such a publication. No one opens a Biblical Dictionary in order to read the twaddle which he can hear any Sunday evening by going to the nearest fashionable chapel. It is strange that Dr. Alexander—himself, as his own articles show, a man of considerable learning and ability, though not altogether clear as to what constitutes good English—should have been insensible to the unfitness of many of these articles for the place in which they appear. Perhaps, however, it is too much to expect a perfectly symmetrical plan from an editor who does not see the necessity of being always consistent with himself in his own contributions. In the article "Israel," for instance, we find him going the fullest lengths in a literal interpretation of the supernatural incidents in the Old Testament. "Where the supernatural is admitted at all," he says, "it is absurd to cavil about a greater or less degree of mystery attached to any reported case of its manifestation." But by the time we have reached the article "Joshua," we find this idea not a little modified, and the Scriptural narrative of the sun standing still treated as a piece of "highly-poetical language," to be no more taken literally, adds Dr. Alexander, than the Psalmist's description of the mountains skipping like rams.

In conclusion, however, it should in all fairness be added that such articles as those to which we have taken exception form but a comparatively small portion of the entire work, and that, as a whole, the *Cyclopædia* is a most valuable storehouse of Biblical and philological learning.

#### SIR VICTOR'S CHOICE.\*

IT remains to be seen whether 1864 will produce any very brilliant fiction, for, up to the present time, although several noteworthy novels have appeared, none have been recognised as deserving the highest honour. Not attaining a position in the first class, yet claiming mention as rising above the dead

level of fertile mediocrity, *Sir Victor's Choice* will be read or skimmed over by the general subscribers to circulating libraries, for there is scarcely a dull page in it, and not one which requires a moment's reflection, which is a still stronger recommendation to a large class of omnivorous readers. The authoress is a scholar in that school of life and manners in which Miss Braddon has graduated. The two writers have many characteristics in common; and it may be said that Miss Thomas is a skilful amateur in that line of art in which Miss Braddon is an accomplished artist. *Sir Victor's Choice* is the work of a clever woman who does not soar very high, yet who has too much tact to flounder far out of her depth. She can propel her plot by means of dialogue which is natural and never prosy, and, in spite of a faulty style and indifferent grammar, she goes on with unflagging spirit to the end of a task which has been performed with apparent ease by a vivacious and uncultivated mind.

There is no temptation to make long extracts from its pages, but, to justify the assertion that *Sir Victor's Choice* is a readable novel, we shall indicate the plot up to a certain point. It is an improbable story, but that it should not be impossible is as much as we must expect in ordinary fiction. Chapter the first places us at once in possession of the family secrets of the Cleeves, who are living in all the discomfort of disguised poverty in a London lodging. Mr. Drummond Cleeve, as heir-presumptive to an ancient baronetcy and large estates, lives upon his expectations and on the reminiscence of the fashionable society he once frequented. To make their comfortless home less endurable, as his two daughters were growing up, Mr. Cleeve married a peevish young wife. Madge and Charlie Cleeve are beautiful spirited girls, who, in the first chapter especially, are made to talk like shop-girls, although the writer says, "The traditions of gentle blood surrounded them, and the gentle blood that flowed in their veins betrayed itself still in their manner and appearance, though they had gone through poverty and privations enough to vulgarize the embodiment of the condensed refinements of centuries." These poor girls understood their father's false position, but we think Miss Thomas mistakes the habits of their class when she sends them into the Parks to meet officers secretly with whom they are only slightly acquainted. Madge has more idea of what is becoming in appearance than her younger sister, who talks slang and tells Madge that she palters with the truth; yet both girls meet their military admirers close to the Knightsbridge barracks, and on their return to Sloane Street, Charlie tells her sister that "Vernon has proposed."

The two blooming and elated girls come in to find their father with his late breakfast untasted, and his face blanched by some terrible tidings. The news he had received might well crush him, for Mr. Cleeve had received the announcement of his brother's death, accompanied by the overwhelming disclosure that a son of Sir Arthur by a marriage which had been kept secret for twenty years would succeed to his father's title and estates. Mr. Cleeve, we are told, remained stolidly quiescent long enough for his daughters to mark his utter misery and be agonized by it:—

Then he roused himself, and gave them the letter to read, and poured forth his plaint at fate. And they listened with startled ears to his portrayal of all the weary weight of woe the existence of this detested cousin would entail upon them.

"There'll be peace for a year or two, papa, for this letter says that you are appointed this boy's guardian," Charlie said at last; "he's only nineteen," she added consolingly. Two years seem interminable at seventeen; the prophesied peace seemed of long duration to Charlie.

"And before the two years are over, papa," Madge said, fondly kissing her father, "you shall have security for the rest of your life being unharassed. Give me your hand, Charlie. Here, papa, listen! We'll pledge ourselves to this, that the expiration of the two years shall see one of us Sir Victor Cleeve's wife!"

Drummond Cleeve looked up suddenly. The beauty of his daughters had never occurred to him in all its fulness till this moment when they stood before him, the one taking the other by the hand, mutely agreeing to this strange oath.

Whether this revolting vow was kept, and who became "Sir Victor's choice," is the subject of three volumes.

There is a truce from all monetary embarrassment for Mr. Cleeve, who resolves to make good capital out of the young baronet. To his daughters—who had hitherto only enjoyed stolen pleasure with friends who took them to theatres, "to the pit at the Opera, to oyster suppers in the Strand, to Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, and to other horrid places of the like sort"—an escape from daily tedium was welcome. The Cleeve family proceed to the Chase, in Devonshire, in time to receive the young baronet, and the corpse of the late one, which he was bringing home from Paris. They determine to welcome the head of their house in a becoming manner, and the introduction is naturally described. Sir Victor is a complete boy, delighted to "tool the horses home, which feat he performed with enormous courage and utter want of skill. Evidently he had not realized yet what a great man he had become, or he would not have shown the effluence of gratitude he did at his servants' concession." He had never been at a public school, knew nothing of society, and was educated by a tutor whom he thought a bore; his father he had scarcely ever seen, and he was too unsophisticated to assume a grief he did not feel. We cannot but be sorry for this warm-hearted boy, whose foes are those of his own household, and we loathe his cousin Madge, who speculates on moulding him to her will. After their introduction, the young lady "sagely reflected, as she looked at his impassioned young face—"This stage won't last long, he'll fall in love with one of us, and that will age him fast enough; it is the lack of all experience of that sort which has kept him the boy he is." The

\* *Sir Victor's Choice*. By Annie Thomas. London: J. Maxwell & Co. 1864.



young baronet is delighted at the prospect of such companions at the Chase, and falls asleep, thinking, in boyish language, how pretty his cousins are. "The old one's the jolliest by ever so much, and I'll marry one of them."

Madge undertakes to conduct the plot, but, like other clever schemers, she finds obstacles arise to thwart her in the least expected quarter. Sir Victor takes a fancy to Alice Lisle, the clergyman's daughter, a pretty girl whose unformed manner and ways put him more thoroughly at his ease than he was with his cousins, whose society he could always have and whose superiority was undeniable. Alice is one of the best-imagined characters in the book. Though soft and peachy-looking, she understands Sir Victor's position and her own perfectly. To use the elegant simile of Miss Thomas—"She knew that at present he would just as readily run after a terrier or a rat as her fair self. . . ." but "so far she had the advantage of the terrier or the rat—when he was with her he preferred her to them. But when he was away from her she was neck and neck with them." Madge can cope even with a young lady of such penetration as this, but Charlie threatens to spoil all. Her spirit rebels at the family compact, to which she becomes a traitor; and she persuades Victor to resist, to assert himself, for "no one has a right to say him nay in anything, if the thing he desires to do is not wrong." She tells him she does not see why he should not marry pretty Alice Lisle, as no one has a right to interfere between them. Miss Cleve's intrigue to separate Victor and Alice is cleverly managed, and the interviews between the guardian and the parents are very happily described, and show the authoress's power to the greatest advantage. The Alice episode is concluded by her parents sending her off to visit distant relations, where her pretty face and good connexions bring her a rich husband in a very short time, and the Cleves think that she has shown great good sense in adapting herself to circumstances.

A writer of a different calibre might, we think, have made far more of the situation of the family at the Chase, but it does not seem to be in Miss Thomas's power to analyse or depict any of the stronger and deeper emotions of our nature. The sisters discover each other's feelings before long, and Madge declares that nothing shall stop her or stand before her except Charlie, who, according to the compact, has equal rights with herself, but who passionately disclaims the favour of this exception, her honest nature revolting at Madge's conduct. She will not believe in the love Madge professes, and says—"You couldn't plot and intrigue, and talk over the chances, and try to drive him up into a corner, if you really loved him." "You know well what the one who really loves Victor would do, Charlie!" "I know very well what I should do myself." And after this proclamation on either side, distrust and estrangement follow between the sisters. Madge's persistence in her unwomanly plan makes the younger girl dread and despise her. We have no very distinct idea of what Sir Victor Cleve was in the flesh, but to him are attributed all the virtues, especially honour, and faith in the good of his kind. Charlie might have had this princely boyish heart had she shown one sign of the love she bore him, but she sternly repressed any expression of her passion, and would check any other than brotherly love from him. Her love told her that he was worthy of a nobler bride than the girl who had been urged to trick and deceive, and win his heart at any cost.

Madge contrives to get her cousin invited to Aldershot; she thinks that habit has blunted the young man's perception of her fascinations, and therefore she tells her father that it will be the best plan possible for Victor to go amongst a set of fast men, the faster the better. He would, she thought, know that he loved her when he came back, and she was nearly worn out by her inflexible purpose. Meanwhile, she wishes her sister away, as the most formidable opponent to her game. Victor is at Aldershot, and she manages in the most artful manner to transfer an invitation from Mrs. Selwyn James from herself to Charlie, who accepts it. Madge has so far keenly calculated her resources, but she is caught in the net she wove and spread so cunningly to entrap others. Victor does not know of Charlie's absence, and he writes to her at the Chase, but Madge does not forward the letter. She has worked herself into a fever of body and mind, and Charlie, in spite of all prohibition, hurries home to nurse her. It is supposed to be the crisis of Madge's fever, and we are told that, after she has swallowed an opiate, it becomes a question of life or death that she should remain undisturbed. Charlie goes to a drawer and accidentally finds Victor's letter, his first letter! She sits by her sleeping sister's bed, and takes the burning fingers which tighten round her own. She opens the letter, is bewildered at the old date, and more bewildered still at the contents, for Victor announces in confidence that the then following day he would become the husband of an actress, "who honour and humanity compelled" him to marry. To stop this woful folly, to save Victor, is imperative; but to move her hand might cost Madge her life. Charlie rapidly foresees every contingency, counts the minutes, calculates the trains. The hours creep on, she does not move, and Madge sleeps on into new life whilst Victor's is being wrecked. The precious moments ebb away in the still silence of the sick-room until the time for saving the man she loves is passed. Miss Thomas here takes up a dropped thread of her story and gives us the history of Sir Victor's Aldershot experiences, which shows considerable familiarity with military morals and theatrical manners. Mr. Cleve arrives in furious haste at the

church, but only after the painted bride had, to her husband's surprise, signed her maiden name "Lucy Mitchell," instead of Lucille Michel. The interest of the story, however, survives Sir Victor's choice, and goes on with spirit to the end. Several scenes are strikingly depicted, and the mystery about Lady Cleve's antecedents is ingeniously kept up and eventually explained.

In the characters of *Sir Victor's Choice* we cannot perceive any originality of conception. None of them are in any respect intellectual; they just represent the ordinary run of people as they would seem to an observant yet superficial person. Claude Ogilvie, nicknamed by his brother-officers "the Baby," is a good sketch of a young profligate, petted by women, and wrongly considered a greater fool than rascal. Madge is equal to any melodramatic emergency, but the description of her is coarse; she evidently does not deserve her eventual good fortune. Charlie wins upon the reader by right of her honesty and unselfishness—unselfishness carried to the last degree. It is for the secondary characters of Alice James and her husband that we give Miss Thomas the greatest credit. Their married life is quite true to nature. He is a type of husband that all may recognise—stupidly exacting and self-occupied. Alice is one of those weak, vain creatures, whose mental vacuity leads them into temptation, and who have sufficient cunning to deceive those they dare not oppose. She has no vice, but we are shown how vanity, without any other passion, may lead a girl down that slippery incline from whose base there is no ascending. There is a little justifiable satire in the portrait of this shallow, untruthful, selfish, but not ill-natured woman. She would shake her head at the imprudence of some women and lament the defective morals of others, because "she observed that the women who did this persistently were always very much respected." So she would knowingly throw stones at women who were truer and better than herself, and thus make a reputation at their expense. "However," Miss Thomas remarks, "she had a fair, innocent, peachy face, and her husband believed her."

There seems no reason why Miss Thomas might not give us a stirring, lively novel of the military or theatrical world, and it is a relief to find that she has neither maudlin sentimentality nor any theory to which to subordinate her materials. If her facility does not become fatal, and she is content to abstain from putting slang indiscriminately into the mouths of all her characters, she may become a popular follower of the authoress of *Aurora Floyd*; though we can never expect her to write the same vigorous English, or wield the same powerful pen, as Miss Braddon. It would be unjust to deny that Miss Thomas has a faculty for story-telling which makes her novel noticeable.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDMOND ABOUT is sure to command attention whenever he takes up his pen, and if he too often disappoints the reader by oddities which have seemingly no other purpose than that of provoking his admirers, yet even in his most trifling productions we see here and there true specimens of the *esprit Français*. The work he now presents us with \* is far more ambitious than any he has previously published, and some may think it surprising that the author of *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée* should venture to write on such a subject as "progress." But M. About, despite all his faults, possesses a large share of common sense; he seizes admirably the ridiculous side of the plausible shams that are every day palmed off upon the gullible public, and he has a practical way of dealing with questions which few would expect in a novelist and professed *feuilleton*-monger. This is probably the reason why he has been often described as the descendant of Voltaire; and the comparison would be fair enough if M. About's tales were mixed up with practical lessons to the same extent as his political and social pamphlets are leavened with wit. *Le Progrès* seems to us an excellent illustration of his peculiar talents. It contains observations of real weight and force on a number of serious questions referring to politics, administration, public works, literature, and art; but even now and then we are suddenly startled by a paradox put in the queerest manner, and without any apparent design except that of amusing the reader. We may mention, for instance, the passage about the omnibus considered as the symbol of equality, and accordingly overturned to serve as the basis of a barricade whenever a riot breaks out in the streets of Paris. The variety produced by the constant intermixture of theories and illustrations, under the shape of anecdotes, dialogues, and apoloques, renders *Le Progrès* a very amusing volume. M. About has the merit of being thoroughly opposed to bureaucracy in all its ramifications, and his descriptions of a *fonctionnaire public* is so exactly taken from nature that it looks like a photograph.

Thus attacked on all sides, the edifice of administrative centralization will, we hope, one day disappear, or be essentially modified; but why is it that the French Government allows M. About's smart epigram to pass free, whilst M. Prévost-Paradol can scarcely write a sentence without drawing down warnings, fines, and suspensions upon the unlucky newspaper in which he ventures to discuss politics, whether home or foreign? Without attempting to solve this mystery, we shall turn at once to the second series of *Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine*†, now collected in a volume, after having enlivened the columns of the *Courrier du Dimanche*. It is

\* *Le Progrès*. Par Edmond About. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine*. 2<sup>e</sup> Série. Par M. Prévost-Paradol. Paris: Lévy.

impossible to handle satire with greater skill and success than is done by M. Prévost-Paradol. Like M. Saint-Marc-Girardin, whom he seems to have taken as a model, or like Paul Louis the *Vignerons*, M. Prévost-Paradol has the rare talent of striking home, and at the same time of preserving that exquisite politeness which renders banter doubly annoying. He does not give way to outbursts of indignation, but treads most delicately on the toes of his adversaries; and, what is particularly vexatious, he obliges them, whilst they wince, to conceal their pain as carefully as they can. At last the provocation becomes too strong, and then down comes the *avertissement*, or the decree ordering the suspension of the newspaper. The Minister of the Interior thus obtains, of course, immediate satisfaction, but at the very disagreeable cost of allowing the public to know that he punishes a journalist, not for having violated the laws, but for having held up to ridicule the faults of a government which boasts itself perfect. The twenty-five political letters which compose the *nouvelles pages* are models of that light, terse, pointed style so essentially adapted to newspaper writing. They include a period of a little more than a year, beginning with September 1862, and ending with December 1863; and they are valuable not only for their high literary merits, but as illustrating public feeling in France with reference to the elections, the Mexican campaign, and the long talked-of interference on behalf of Poland.

We are at a loss to understand the system on which M. Germer-Baillière has begun his collection of metaphysical brochures. A series of volumes, including works of Spiritualist writers like Messrs. Saisset and Franck side by side with treatises from the pen of Positivists such as M. Henri Taine, can scarcely be said to be framed with any regard for unity of design. The editor may perhaps have aimed at allowing every theory in the field of metaphysics to speak for itself; and in that case, however incongruous and illogical the idea may be, we have nothing to do but to accept what is given us, reserving the right of treating each volume in the series as a distinct work, bearing no reference to its companions. M. Janet's *Matérialisme Contemporain*\* is the extended and improved reprint of two articles already published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Remarking on the singular fact that such a work as Dr. Büchner's book on "Matter and Force" should have reached us from Germany, and that the most unblushing materialism should now be fashionable in what was once deemed the classic land of idealists, M. Janet shows that here, as well as in other branches of human science, extremes meet. Besides, the tendency of the present age is towards unity, and the fondness of philosophers for reducing to one single law all the phenomena both of moral and physical nature sufficiently explains the transient popularity obtained for the old doctrines of D'Holbach and Lamettrie dressed up in a new form. The monographs on Mr. Carlyle† and Mr. John Stuart Mill‡, contributed by M. Taine, are destined, no doubt, to form part of the promised fourth volume of this gentleman's History of English Literature. For M. Taine, Mr. Thomas Carlyle is the representative of English Idealism. M. Taine sets himself to show how the favourite metaphysical system of Germany has adapted itself to the latitude of Great Britain in the *Sartor Resartus*, and other similar works; how transcendentalism, Puritanism, and humour have concurred to shape the intellectual character of Mr. Carlyle; and how Lord Macaulay's simplicity is preferable to the quaint idiom of the Latter-Day Pamphleteer. Some of the criticisms contained in the volume before us seem to us beside the mark; but certainly we cannot be astonished at our French neighbours feeling little sympathy for such a writer as Mr. Carlyle. Never were there any productions so incapable as his of being translated; and after the clear style of M. Thiers or M. Mignet, the eccentricities of his "French Revolution" must seem almost like the ravings of a madman. M. Taine has taken Mr. John Stuart Mill as the impersonation of Positivism. Here also we find a very correct estimate of philosophical theories, with proofs of an intimate acquaintance with English literature; but the impartial reader will not be disposed to accept all the author's conclusions.

Like M. Renan, M. Vacherot, and all the scientific rationalists of the present day, M. Taine has found a vigorous adversary in M. Caro. Under the title *L'Idée de Dieu et ses Nouveaux Critiques*, this gentleman publishes a large octavo volume containing what is intended as an exhaustive refutation of the metaphysical doctrines which are more or less closely derived from Hegelianism; and we may heartily recommend his book for the excellent temper in which it treats the popular theological novelties of our times. The first part of *L'Idée de Dieu* gives a kind of general survey of the whole ground, and M. Caro describes the various influences which have contributed to make modern French philosophy what it is. He shows the logical consequences that result from Kant's system of metaphysics; he likewise examines the natural developments given to Hegelianism; and, painting in startling colours the modified form of materialism issuing from the joint action of these two schools, he contends that the death-blow would be struck at liberty, morality, and every true conception of art and of history, if M. Renan, M. Taine, and their followers were sure of success. After treating the subject in a general manner, M. Caro proceeds

to review the chief leaders of the new movement, and to criticize their most remarkable works. In his preface he announces the speedy publication of a distinct work which will reassess the leading doctrines attacked by M. Renan, M. Taine, M. Vacherot, and others.

It might have been thought that M. Renan's well-known work had left little more to be done on the same subject and from the same point of view. M. A. Peyrat\* has, however, felt himself called upon to bring his contribution to the monument raised by the "advanced" school of theology, and he has endeavoured to do for the unlearned and the simple what M. Renan has done for educated readers. It is not necessary that we should enumerate the arguments adduced by M. Peyrat. They are borrowed from the old controversialists of the free-thinking school, and as they are not clothed in the brilliant style of M. Renan, nor qualified by the precautions, the respectful and almost laudatory formulas, which abound throughout the *Vie de Jésus*, they will strike the reader as much bolder than those of the last-named writer, though we do not consider that they are so really.

M. Alfred Maury is, we presume, intending to accomplish for the whole Institut de France what Pellisson and D'Olivet did for the Académie Française. He has begun with the Académie des Sciences, and his second volume, just published†, treats of the learned society which takes "Inscriptions and Belles Lettres" under its special protection. Chronologically anterior to the other sections of the Institute, with the exception of the French Academy, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres has never enjoyed much popularity, because it is generally supposed that the subjects of its researches are only of limited interest. Its annals, however, are extremely interesting, for they contain the growth and development of historical studies; and it is curious to see how a society originally created for the sole purpose of gratifying the vanity of Louis XIV. gradually became what it is now, one of the most useful centres of intellectual activity in France. M. Maury's narrative is written with his well-known care and completeness, is illustrated with notes, and has an excellent index.

The *Éloges* of Dr. Dubois (d'Amiens)‡ are, to a certain extent, a work belonging to the same category as M. Maury's; but, as the title shows, it is more essentially literary in its character, and the space of time it includes is limited to the last sixty or seventy years. Some of the physicians whose biography is given by Dr. Dubois have, like Broussais, Thénard, and Orfila, been no less distinguished as philosophers, and therefore their works claim notice from non-professional readers. Dr. Dubois's introduction contains an essay on *Éloge*-composition in general, and then on the academic memoirs written by, and treating of, distinguished medical men. The work will be found equally interesting as a scientific treatise and as a contribution to historical literature. It is copiously illustrated with notes, and supplies, moreover, bibliographical lists of great value. The first volume contains eleven essays, and the second nine.

M. Jules Janin tells us, in his preface§, that his original intention was to prepare a complete history of Roman literature from the earliest time to the reign of Trajan. Such a plan, however, required leisure and long researches; and what leisure can a man dispose of who is the slave of journalism, and who, instead of meditating over Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, is obliged to criticize the vaudevilles of the day, and to sit every night through a dull tragedy or a sensational melodrama? The perusal of a passage from Quintilian led M. Janin to reconsider his scheme, and, instead of a consecutive work, he presents us merely with a series of distinct essays on Horace, Ovid, the younger Pliny, Petronius Arbiter, and Martial. The reader must not expect to find in M. Janin's pages either that critical accuracy which distinguishes the writings of Messrs. Egger and Boissonade, or that literary perfection so characteristic of M. Villemain. M. Janin is essentially discursive; every name and every topic that comes in his way leads him far from his original subject. His style, though less *maniéré* than it was thirty years ago, is still too affected to be pleasing, and the remarks suggested by the writers of whom he speaks are generally very commonplace. Whether his new volume will open to him the doors of the French Academy remains to be seen.

Political economy is the favourite subject of M. Rondelet's meditations, and to this gentleman's previous works on that topic we must now add a little volume entitled *La Morale de la Richesse*||, the greater part of which has already been made public by readings at the *séances* of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. He begins by showing that, between political economy and the science of ethics properly so called, there is room for an intermediate science, which he designates "social ethics." Economists, for the greater part, boast that they have nothing in common with metaphysicians. They deal, they say, in facts, and in facts alone; therefore, whenever the practical problems they have to consider raise a moral question, this is uniformly set aside. Metaphysicians, on the other hand, are too fond of shutting themselves up within the narrow circle of their theories. Neglecting the application of the doctrines they advo-

\* *Le Matérialisme Contemporain*. Par P. Janet, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'Idéalisme Anglais, étude sur T. Carlyle*. Par H. Taine.

‡ *Le Positivisme Anglais, étude sur J. Stuart Mill*. Par H. Taine. Paris: Baillière.

§ *L'Idée de Dieu et ses Nouveaux Critiques*. Par E. Caro. Paris: Hachette.

\* *Histoire Élémentaire et Critique de Jésus*. Par A. Peyrat. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les Académies d'Autrefois. L'Ancienne Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*. Par Alfred Maury. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Éloges lus à l'Académie de Médecine*. Par A. Dubois d'Amiens. Paris: Didier.

§ *L'Éloquence et la Poésie à Rome*. Par Jules Janin. Paris: Didier.

|| *La Morale de la Richesse*. Par Antonin Rondelet. Paris: Didier.



cate, they are utterly incapable of acting immediately upon their fellow-creatures; and their influence, therefore, is proportionally diminished. The science of "social ethics," as M. Rondelet calls it, will, he says, realize the *entente cordiale* of speculation and of empiricism; it will render the former useful, and prevent the latter from adopting as a starting point dangerous or erroneous principles. By avoiding the extremes of both these schools, and studying closely the laws of the human mind, M. Rondelet thinks it possible to establish the true science of social ethics, derived from the appreciation of four different orders of facts, which may respectively be called economical, financial, administrative, and political. His work is a minute investigation into the nature of these four classes of facts, followed by a conclusion intended to prove the danger which arises to communities from neglecting to observe the laws of social science. The history of Rome supplies our author with startling illustrations of this proposition, and he draws very gloomy inferences for our own civilization.

M. Duruy undertakes to lead us from Paris to Bucharest.\* We hope that he will carry out his original design, but the present volume only takes us as far as Vienna. The amusing, and at the same time instructive, details of the traveller's notes make him a most valuable guide. The first chapter of the volume gives us, amongst other details, certain peculiarities respecting the *Champagne mousseux*, which will take some readers by surprise. Let every Englishman who drinks a bottle of Madame Veuve Clicquot's wine know that he quaffs a mixture in which brandy and sugar-candy enter in the proportion of 16 per cent. The chapters on Munich and on Vienna are interesting from the literary and artistic notes they contain. M. Duruy is no great admirer of the school of painting represented by Cornelius and Overbeck. He reproaches the enthusiastic disciples of these two artists for sacrificing nature and truth to a spurious idealism, in which antiquarian exactness and far-fetched symbols play the most conspicuous part. The English Pre-Raphaelites are, he thinks, another branch of the same tree, and he says of M. Holman Hunt's last picture that it is an archaeological specimen, but without the slightest merit as an artistic work. The Viennese notions of morality, if we may believe our author, are not particularly strict. Amongst their writers he names favourably Count Auersperg, Baron de Zeidlitz, and especially Baron Bellinghausen, whose tragedy, *The Gladiator of Ravenna*, created such a sensation some time ago.

The light literature we have to notice does not include productions of very striking merit. M. Erkmann-Chatrian still keeps on that neutral ground which is neither Germany nor France, and which combines the fantastic element with the sketches of private life so familiar to writers of the Balzac school. *L'Ami Fritz* is the story of a man who, after having refused twenty-three opportunities of renouncing a bachelor's life, at last marries, and finds happiness in the choice. M. Champfleury, the latest and the truest representative of modern realism since the death of M. Henry Murger, can never write anything poor or commonplace. His *Demoiselles Tourangeau*† is a heart-rending story founded upon the fact that between the moral and the physical nature of man there are certain affinities which account for most of the episodes of social and domestic life.

The balloon-ascents of Messrs. Glaisher and Nadar have rendered aeronautics a fashionable resource of novelists, whose ingenuity has been lately severely taxed for plots or catastrophes of an untried description. The five stories now published by M. Bernard Derosne belong to this next class of imaginative literature. They are professedly gleanings from the literature of all countries, and their connecting tie is the *nuage volant*, a new kind of aerial ship devised by M. Bonflon, for the benefit of M. Derosne and a few fellow-travellers.

M. Ducasse's *Quatorze de Dames*‡ has likewise the character of a ubiquitous collection of tales. It is a small volume, in which the heroines are four ladies belonging to the four quarters of the world, and whose adventures are associated with the military exploits of a French officer. In the company of M. Barbey d'Aureville, we go as far as La Vendée¶, and witness the noble but hopeless struggle of the Western Royalists against the troops of the new French republic. M. d'Aureville's style is too affected for our taste, but he interests the reader, and some of his sketches of character are remarkable for their vigour. The title *Une Femme Dangereuse*\*\* suffices to show that MM. Louis Desnoyers and Victor Perceval have endeavoured to paint once more a class of women who may boast, at all events, of their influence upon popular literature. From the perusal of such works we seek relief by turning to M. Cherbuliez in his *Prince Vitale*††. This gentleman gives us an account of the poet Tasso, his loves, his genius, and his misfortunes. M. Antony Méray's *Tribulations d'un Joyeux Monarque*‡‡, and M. Charles Barbara's *Ary Zang*§§, are

\* *De Paris à Bucharest. 1<sup>re</sup> Partie.* Par V. Duruy. Paris: Hachette.

† *L'Ami Fritz.* Par M. Erkmann-Chatrian. Paris: Hachette.

‡ *Les Demoiselles Tourangeau.* Par M. Champfleury. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Dans tous Pays.* Par Bernard Derosne. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *Quatorze de Dames.* Par A. Ducasse. Paris: Dentu.

¶¶ *Le Chevalier des Touches.* Par J. Barbey d'Aureville. Paris: Lévy.

\*\* *Une Femme Dangereuse.* Par Louis Desnoyers et Victor Perceval. Paris: Dentu.

†† *Le Prince Vitale.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Lévy.

‡‡ *Les Tribulations d'un Joyeux Monarque.* Par Antony Méray. Paris: Dentu.

§§ *Ary Zang.* Par Charles Barbara. Paris and London: Hachette.

humorous and amusing stories with a dash of satire at the foibles and absurdities of social life. The *Couilles Parisiennes*\*, made up of *feuilletons* published, we believe, in the *Figaro*, might very well have been allowed to die forgotten, in spite of M. Albéric Second's encomiastic preface. Finally, M. de Flaux, in his volume of sonnets†, has too much the commonplace style of a poetical travelling guide. The biographical poems which conclude the *recueil* are by far the best portion of it.

\* *Les Couilles Parisiennes.* Par Victor Koning. Paris: Dentu.

† *Sonnets.* Par A. de Flaux. Paris: Lévy.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.—On Monday Evening, May 8, the Programme will include Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, for Pianoforte alone; Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, in G, Op. 25; and Mozart's Quartet in D minor, for Stringed Instruments (repeated by desire). Pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; Violin, Signor Sivori; Violoncello, Signor Platti. Vocalists—Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 59 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

### MUSICAL UNION, May 17.—Wieniawski (first appearance this Season); with Jaquard, Violoncellist; and other Artists.

J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

### SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields, S.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CONCERT for giving effect to the Bequest of the late THOMAS FULLER BRAND, Esq., will take place on Thursday, May 12, commencing at Three P.M.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

ORGAN PRELUDE AND FUGUE	.. .. .	John Sebastian Bach.
CHORUS	.. .. .	We praise Thee, O God .. .. . Handel.
CANTATE DOMINO	.. .. .	.. .. . Haydn.
AIR	.. .. .	What though I trace .. .. . Handel.
CHORUS	.. .. .	He that shall endure .. .. . Mendelssohn.
AIR	.. .. .	In native worth .. .. . Haydn.
MOTETT	.. .. .	Glorious things of Thee are spoken .. .. . Mozart.
CHORUS	.. .. .	Achieved is the glorious work .. .. . Haydn.

##### PART II.

MOTETT	.. .. .	O Lord God, when Thou appearest .. .. . Mozart.
CHORUS	.. .. .	Hail, Judas .. .. . Handel.
AIR	.. .. .	O rest in the Lord .. .. . Mendelssohn.
CHORUS	.. .. .	But as for His people .. .. . Handel.
ANTHEM	.. .. .	Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem .. .. . Haydn.
CORONATION ANTHEM	.. .. .	Zadock the Priest .. .. . Handel.

The following Selection will be performed by the Band:

OVERTURE	.. .. .	Il Tancréd .. .. . Rossini.
SELECTION	.. .. .	Faust .. .. . Gounod.
MAZURKA	.. .. .	Eugénie .. .. . Chabot.

God save the Queen.

Cards of Admission may be had on application to a Member of the Committee, the Resident Chaplain, or the Secretary.

Special Musical Education afforded to the Pupils of this Institution is intended to qualify them for the duties of PAROCHIAL ORGANISTS, and many of the former Pupils are now occupying with credit positions assigned to them on leaving the School.

The Clergy and others interested in the Blind would do good work by placing any such Situations as may fall in their gift in the hands of the Committee of this Institution.

5 Billiter Street, E.C.

THOS. GRUBER, Secretary.

### LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—

SCENES et CHANSONS COMIQUES, this Evening, May 7, and to be continued every Tuesday and Thursday Morning and Saturday Evening during the Month of May only. Pianoforte—Mr. Rosenboom. Mornings at Three, Evenings at Half-past Eight. Stalls (numbered), 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.—Tickets to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, where also arrangements may be made for Private Engagements.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, in THE PYRAMID, and MRS. ROSELEAF'S LITTLE EVENING PARTY, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Mornings at Three. Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street. On Monday, a Shakespearean Sermon, by Mr. William Brough. JESSY LEA, Tuesday at Three, and Saturday (last time previous to Tour) at Eight.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Now on View, "SUNDAY at HAMPTON COURT, 1658," painted by CHARLES LUCY. Open from Ten till Five.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Now on View, SELOUS' GREAT PICTURE OF "THE CRUCIFIXION" (16 feet by 10), containing 300 Figures: the City of Ancient Jerusalem, with its Temples, Palaces, and Public Buildings; the Mount of Olives, and the Scenery round about. (Mr. John Bowdler's Descriptive Lecture at Twelve, Two, and Four daily.) Open from Ten till Five.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Now on View, CARL WERNER'S Thirty Original DRAWINGS of JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, and the HOLY PLACES. Open from Ten till Five.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, painted from Actual Settings by Mr. G. H. THOMAS, who was present at the Ceremony by Gracious Command of Her Majesty the Queen, is NOW ON PRIVATE VIEW until May 10, by Special Invitation or on payment of Half-a-Crown, at the German Gallery, 169 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Dusk.

MR. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS of INDIA, THIBET, and CASHMERE, at the German Gallery, 169 New Bond Street, Daily, from Ten till Six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

MY FIRST SERMON.—THE ORIGINAL PICTURE, by J. E. MILLAR, Esq., R.A., is NOW ON VIEW at Thomas Agnew & Sons' Galleries, 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

THE SERIES of DRAWINGS, by JOHN GILBERT, Esq., Illustrative of the Ballad THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, are NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries, 5 Waterloo Place.

THE LANDING of H.R.H. the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, by HENRY O'NEILL, Esq., A.R.A.—Messrs. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS have the honour to announce that they are preparing for publication a High-class Engraving from this important Picture, painted from sketches made on the spot from sittings graciously given to the Artist. Subscribers' Names are now received at the Galleries of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London; Exchange Street, Manchester; and Exchange, Liverpool.

JUNIOR ATHENÆUM CLUB.—Gentlemen making application to join the Junior Athenæum should accompany the same with References to Noblemen or Gentlemen to whom they are well known, in order that the Committee may be assisted as much as possible in the Election of the remaining Original Members. A List of the Committee, with all other information respecting the Junior Athenæum, may be obtained of the Secretary, GEORGE H. WATSON, Esq., F.S.A., at the Committee Room, St. James's Hall, Regent Street, W.

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury.—During the next few Months the SERVICES will be conducted by Mr. M. D. CONWAY, of Epsom, U.S.

## ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE CORPORATION

Will take place in

ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 18,  
At Six o'clock precisely.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, in the Chair.

Stewards.

Sir William J. Alexander, Bart.  
Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L.  
His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh.  
The Astronomer Royal, F.R.S.  
Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D.  
Charles Baldwin, Esq.  
Dr. Beke, Ph.D., F.R.S.  
His Excellency the Belgian Minister.  
Robert Bell, Esq.  
Jules Benedict, Esq.  
John Blackwood, Esq.  
Rev. Canon Blackley, B.D.  
Henry George Bohn, Esq.  
Sir John P. Boscawen, Bart., F.R.S.  
Most Noble the Marquis of Bristol.  
Right Hon. Lord Brougham.  
Right Hon. the Lord Justice Knight Bruce.  
Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce.  
Edward Herbert Sturges, Esq., M.A.  
Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., F.R.S.  
The Hon. George Henry Canning.  
Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P.  
Frederick Chapman, Esq.  
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester.  
Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde, K.P.  
William Clowes, Esq.  
J. Frederick Collingwood, Esq., M.R.S.L.  
F.G.S.  
Robert Francis Cooke, Esq.  
George Wingrove Cooke, Esq.  
Dr. Copland, M.D., F.R.S.  
Right Hon. William Cowper, M.P.  
T. F. Dillon Croker, Esq., F.S.A.  
Daniel Cronin, Esq.  
George Cruikshank, Esq.  
Lieut-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K.C.H.  
R. S. Dallas, Esq.  
Sir John P. Davis, Bart., K.C.B.  
Right Hon. the Earl De Grey and Ripon.  
Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.  
Right Hon. the Lord De Tabley.  
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.  
Right Hon. the Lord Dynevor.  
Right Hon. the Lord Ebury.  
Right Hon. the Lord Egerton of Tatton.  
Sir Henry Ellis, K.B.  
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ely.  
Rev. the Provost of Eton.  
John Evans, Esq.  
William Ewart, Esq., M.P.  
William Fairbairn, Esq., F.R.S.  
Right Hon. the Lord Foley.  
Right Hon. the Earl Fortescue.  
Edward Fox, Esq., F.S.A.  
Frederick Waymouth Gibbs, Esq., C.B.  
Benjamin Gompertz, Esq., F.R.S.  
Right Hon. the Earl Granville, K.G.  
William Ellery Green, Esq.  
William B. Gros, Esq.  
Charles Lewis Grunstein, Esq., F.R.G.S.  
Samuel Carter Hall, Esq., F.S.A.  
Right Hon. Lord Claud Hamilton, M.P.  
William John Hamilton, Esq., F.R.S.  
Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Hardinge.  
Philip Charles Hardwick, Esq.  
John Hawkshaw, Esq., C.E., F.R.S.  
Arthur Helps, Esq., M.A.  
Thomas Williams Helps, Esq., M.A.  
George Willoughby Hemans, Esq., C.E.  
Alexander J. H. Horsford How, Esq.  
Right Hon. the Lord Houghton.  
William Gunton Howell, Esq.  
Sir Walter G. James, Bart.  
Richard Jennings, Esq., M.A.  
William Jennings, Esq., M.A.  
Rev. Sir Edward R. Jodrell, Bart.  
Sir Willoughby Jones, Bart.  
John Winter Jones, Esq.

In order to prevent confusion, and to secure the comfort of the guests, the Seats in the Hall will be numbered and reserved, and a Lithographed Plan of the Tables will be sent to each Holder of a Ticket. The Ladies' Seats in the Gallery will also be numbered and reserved.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

## NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.—The INAUGURAL

DINNER of this Institution will take place at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, May 31, at Half-past Five o'clock.

The Right Hon. Lord Haverford in the Chair.

Noblemen and Gentlemen intending to act as Stewards are requested to communicate not later than the 10th inst. with

HENRY G. WARREN, Hon. Sec.

6 Bedford Buildings, Strand, W.C.

**HOMOEOPATHY.**—Dr. EPPS will deliver a Course of FOUR Popular LECTURES, addressed to Ladies and Gentlemen, at Exeter Hall, Strand, on Monday Evenings, May 9, 16, 23, and 30, 1864, at Eight o'clock. Doors to open at Half-past Seven. Tickets, admitting to a Single Lecture, 1s. each; to the Course, 4s. May be obtained at Exeter Hall, at most Homoeopathic Chemists; or of Mr. Bourns, 481 New Oxford Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE,** 67 and 68 Harley Street, W. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patrons.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.

Visitors.—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

Principal.—THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Lady Resident.—Miss PARRY.

The Half-term for the College and School will begin on Monday, May 9. Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be obtained on application to Mrs. Williams, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

**THE COLLEGE,** Isle of Cumbrae.—MEMBERS of the ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES are received during the Long Vacation. Board (with Tuition twice a week), Ten Guinea per Month.—Address, The Rev. the Vice-Patron (Rev. J. G. CARRUTHERS, M.A., Oxon), College, Isle of Cumbrae by Greenock, Scotland.

**MILITARY EDUCATION,** Bromsgrove House, Croydon.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain at Addiscombe, continues to prepare CANDIDATES for Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c.

**THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES,** Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the CIVIL SERVICE, the UNIVERSITIES,** &c.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi Coll. Cam., and late Professor and Examiner in the R. I. M. College, Addiscombe.—Address, The Limes, Croydon, S.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.** MR. WREN, M.A. Christ's College, assisted by Mr. EWBANK, B.A. & John's College, Cambridge (Thirteenth Wrangler), and other experienced Masters, prepares PUPILS for the above. References to Parents of Pupils who have passed.—6 Angell Terrace, Brixton.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.**—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS, Successful at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations.—Address M.A., Dorney, near Windsor.

**MALVERN.**—Private Tuition.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Graduate in Honours of Trinity College, Cambridge, receives THREE PUPILS to prepare for the Universities, Civil Service, the Artillery, Engineers, or the other branches of the Army. His house is pleasantly situated, standing in its own grounds, in one of the healthiest localities in England.—Address, Rev. A. B. Messrs. Lee & Ferris, Great Malvern.

**A CAMBRIDGE MAN,** who has just thoroughly furnished a first-class Mansion to receive PUPILS reading for the SERVICES, wishes another UNIVERSITY MAN to join him in forming the Staff, and take an Educational and Pecuniary Share in the Establishment.—Address, M.A., care of E. G. Bradley, Esq., 13 Berners Street, Oxford Street.

**PRIVATE TUITION.**—A Gentleman whose Two Sons are being Educated at Home, by an Oxford Graduate, with the view of their ultimately entering either at Eton or Winchester, wishes to meet with TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN as Companions for his Sons in their Studies. In the Winter Months they would reside in London, near the Parks; and in the Summer either in the Country or by the Sea-side, and would be treated in every way as the Advertiser's own children.—Terms, including French taught by a French Master, 120 Guinea per annum.—Letters to be addressed to L. L., Post Office, Harrow Road.

**A PARISIAN LADY** residing in a Family at the West End of London, having some hours daily disengaged, is desirous of giving LESSONS in the French Language and Conversation.—Address, A. G., care of Mr. Hardwicke, Publisher, 102 Piccadilly, W.

## GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SUTTON VALENCE, KENT.

Founded A.D. 1576. This School having been recently rebuilt, the Court of Assistants of the Clothworkers' Company are about to appoint a HEAD MASTER, though he will not be required to enter on the duties of his Office before September next. He must be a Member of the Church of England, a Graduate of one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, duly qualified to discharge the duties of the Office, and his age must not exceed Forty Years. The Stipend is £200 per Annum, with a good Residence (free of Rent, Taxes, and Repairs) capable of accommodating upwards of Forty Boarders, and he will have the appointment of the Second Master, whose Salary will be paid by the Company, and the privilege of taking Day Boys. Exhibitions to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and private Scholarships, are attached to the School. Sutton Valence is beautifully situated in a healthy part of Kent, midway between the County Towns of Maidstone and Staplehurst, where there are first-class Railway Stations, and it is distant 3½ miles from the Railway Station of Headcorn.

Applications for the appointment must be made in writing by the 25th of May, accompanied with Testimonials. Candidates are particularly requested not to apply personally to the Members of the Court of Assistants.

ROBERT BECKWITH TOWSE, Clerk.

Clothworkers' Hall, 41 Mincing Lane, London, E.C., April 1864.

**SOLE CHARGE.**—WANTED immediately, a CURATE for the above, in a beautiful part of Gloucestershire. Population, 200. Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, with moderate views, indispensable.—Address, Rectory, Post Office, Andoversford, Cheltenham.

**PARTNERSHIP, with SALARY.**—A Gentleman of Character, accustomed to Business, and possessing £4,000, may enter into PARTNERSHIP with SALARY, in an Established Firm whose Business, when extended, will give a profit of 15 per cent.—Apply, by letter, to M. S. S., Post Office, Lymington, Gloucestershire.

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